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A Mississippi River Mate.

The mate of a Mississippi or Missouri river steamer is a tyrant in his way. His chief occupation is to stand and curse and kick his "roustabouts," or deck hands, and the charm of his keeping his place and being known as a "fully mate" depends much upon his ability to do this. A poetical fellow after describing a "bully mate" relates an incident:

One day he said to a roustabout who had onto his back
A four-bushel bag of corn—rather heavy, but it's a fact—
How that he thought his gait wa'n't exactly up to railroad time,
Whom they got into a controversy—I'll not put in rhyme,
But I'll state that wa'n't no more corn carried on that boat that day,
For all the crew was occupied in seein' 'em have fair play

I boy shook things up lively for the first three-quarter of an hour,
An' rammed their heads right into several barrels of flour.
An' the corn an' things that was spilt around on the lower deck
Made it look as though the boat had struck a snag an' gone to wreck,
An' then yer mate, who hadn't never yit lost a single fight,
Saw that his chances for keepin out that beat as this here one was light

So when he found he couldn't get away with that thar roustabout,
He began to get ornery, then he cussed and hollered out
"Say, ez you 'uns all goin' to stand roun'ind this yer boat an see
That a insubordination? I say, yer stop this mutiny
An' that is the way that I've been tryin' for to paint
When that's makes look a man it's all right but when they don't it ain't.

THE STOLEN CHILD.

We were seated in the rector's cosy sitting room one evening, when the conversation turned upon the disappearance of little Charley Ross.

Having had a long acquaintance with the family, a friend present was describing the sad effect which the terrible calamity had upon the mother; how, as each day came on, she watched agonizingly for tidings. We listened so intently that we did not hear the bell ring, and were surprised by the entrance of my eldest brother, who brought with him Harry Cunningham, the London business man of their firm.

After introductions were over, and we were all seated, the talk drifted over to the old subject, the dear little child so ruthlessly stolen away from home love and comfort. As we went on, Mr. Cunningham seemed more than usually interested. One and another ventured an opinion, commenting upon various surmises, expressing various doubts and beliefs, when the stranger said, with a smile—

"As long as there is no proof of violence or death, it is better to hope for the best. I know of a case which I will tell you, where a child was found after nearly twenty years of exile."

Of course we were all attention, and he began on this wise.

"When I was a young man of six-and-twenty, and that is nearly as many years ago," he added, with a smile, "I was visiting in the south of England.

"The gentleman at whose house I stayed was a large manufacturer and a very wealthy man. His family consisted of himself and a wife, two sons and a daughter, Edith, who was one of the fairest, sweetest maidens I ever met. To make a long story short, I became very much attached to the young lady, and wanted to win her for my wife.

"Mentioning my aspirations to her father, Mr. Fontleroy, one day, I was equally astonished and disappointed to learn that she was already engaged to be married to a wealthy young barrister, then in London, pursuing his profession.

"We sat by a fine old bay-window covered with clinging vines, and outside of which glimpses of a garden, royal with Provence-roses and other beautiful flowers, could be seen. The clean, white paths winding from sight, the rich, short verdure, the mounds, statues, fountains and brightly colored shrubs made the outlook a paradise to my beauty-loving eye. Mr. Fontleroy had relapsed into a grave thoughtfulness. For a long time he did not speak, and then he said impulsively—

"'If only Edith's sister were here!'

"'Edith's sister! I understood that Edith was an only daughter,' I said.

"'She is, to all intents and purposes, he answered, throwing off his melancholy manner; 'but somewhere in this wide world Edith has a sister, a twin. I cannot make her dead,' he added. 'I always I hear about me the impression that she is still alive, and so does Edith.

"'It seems but yesterday,' he said, pointing out towards the lovely view, 'that Edith and her twin-sister were playing out there among the shrubs. I had been watching them coming and going, had laughed to myself to hear their innocent mirth, and for a few moments had gone into a light sleep. When I opened my eyes not long after, little Effy stood here at the window with a white, scared face.

"'"Papa," she said, "papa, wake up and see after Alice."

"'"Where is Alice?" I asked, drowsily.

"'"The red woman took her; the red woman ran away, and Alice never cried; she was under her cloak."

"'I sprang to my feet,' continued Mr. Fontleroy, 'half startled and half amused. It must be some trick of my wild cousin, who was then staying at the house, and often teased the children beyond their patience. But alas! there was no trick; from that hour to this I have never seen my child.

"'For years we were on the search. I have offered rewards times without number. Children of all sizes and ages have been brought here. I have been summoned to London a dozen times a year, but I have never found any trace of my poor little Alice.'

"'How long ago was that?' I asked.

"'The children were just turned four; it was seventeen years,' he answered.

"The story produced a strong impression upon me, but I wondered at his still sanguine expectation of finding his 'little girl,' as he called her.

"'Six months from that day Mr. Fontleroy accompanied me back to America. I never saw a more delighted traveler. His enthusiasm over our institutions was boundless. He was very anxious to visit Washington, and we spent nearly a month in that city.

"'On the very day we had fixed to return to New York, a gentleman detained us with the offer of his carriage and horses to ride out to the suburbs, and visit a place owned by the banker Corcoran, since then built up and known as the 'Soldiers' Home.'

"'He accepted the offer, and together we drove out over the fine country. We had nearly reached our destination, when suddenly in the bend of the road we saw a gypsy camp. The expression that came into Fontleroy's face, as he reined in his horses, I shall always remember.

"'"I never see a sight like that without a throbbing heart,' he said.

"'The scene was utterly new to me, and I regarded it more with the eye of an artist. It was indeed a strange and brilliant picture. The tall oaks stood like sentinels in the background, their beautiful brown trunks reddened by broad patches of sunshine. The green sward sloped to the front, and was covered with well-made wagons, the horses, tents, and motley groups of wandering men and women.

"'At one side the grass was thickly strewed with newly washed linen, and on lines stretched from the branches, gay bits of gypsy allure fluttered in the wind. There were jackets, red, blue and gray, children's torn dresses, rags of every color.

"'Down in a little hollow, a black-haired woman dipped water from a running spring into a heavy iron kettle, looking at us suspiciously under her straight, black brows. Beneath a tree sat a young girl, brown as an Indian. She had hung a small mirror to the bark of a giant forest oak, and was dressing her abundant tresses.

"'From a forked pole a mighty caldron hung suspended, the smell of which was most appalling; the steam came up fast and furiously, but the fire could hardly be seen in the garish light of day.

"'"Suppose we get out," said Mr. Fontleroy, looking about for some one to hold his horses.

"'We soon found a shady boy for that purpose, and in a few moments we were in the midst of the camp, examining the blooded stock. Meantime the woman who had been dipping water had hurried into the midst of the camp, and presented herself, with a pack of dirty cards, before us.

"'She was a most forbidding-looking hag, sinister in countenance and stealthy in manner, but Mr. Fontleroy was on the point of listening to her, when suddenly there fell upon our ears a most piercing shriek.

"'The woman dashed her cards down, the man turned from the beautiful horse he had been praising, people sprang from sward and tent, the dogs began to bark, and we were startled with the rest.

"'"It is Earb. I am sure it's her voice," said the woman, wildly looking round. "It is back there in the woods. Run, quick!"

"'None were on the spot much sooner than Mr. Fontleroy and myself. The cause of the piercing outcry was soon ascertained. Prone on the ground laid a stalwart, reckless-looking fellow, his hat off, and stretched upon his breast, its almost human eyes watching the girl, whose uplifted hand seemed even in this moment to be regarded as law by the brute, an immense blood-hound.

"'The handsome face of the gypsy youth was flecked with blood and foam, but my eyes were held by the face of the girl, and Mr. Fontleroy held my arm with a grip like iron. In all but the color of the complexion, browned by the constant exposure to the sun, she was English Edith's counterpart—the height, the expression, the shape of the brow, the color of the hair, the very poise of the small, lithe figure—but not the angry blaze of the brown eyes.

"'"I told him if he teased me any more, I would set Lep on him, and if I said the word, as perhaps I should, the dog would kill him, and serve him right,' she added. 'Father, call Lep off; he will come for you.'

"'At the word 'father,' which was addressed to the old man with whom we had been talking horses, Mr. Fontleroy shivered from head to foot.

"'"Amelie," said he, under his breath, as the hound slank off at command of his master, and the cursed gypsy rose, "that girl is my daughter; I know it, I feel it to the very core of my heart."

"'"You are right," was my answer. "None but Edith's twin sister could look so much like her. What are you going to do?"

"'Mr. Fontleroy was still silent, his eyes devouring the girl as she sank down, pouting and growing paler, while several of the men and women gathered about her.

"'Only the old hag remained near us, hoping to tell our fortunes. Mr. Fontleroy turned towards her suddenly.

"'"Seventeen years ago," he said, slowly and distinctly, "you stole that girl from a garden, where she was playing with her sister, in a town called ——, in the south of England."

"'His face was stern as he spoke, with forefinger pointed towards her. The woman started, looked about her fearfully, and seemed gathering up her courage to reply, when he prevented her.

"'"Don't you dare to deny it, or you and all your tribe shall pay more dearly than you think. I am the father of that girl, goaded to vengeance by seventeen years of unsuccessful searching. I might take her from you and imprison you all, but I don't want the trouble and the publicity. Call that man and go down in the tent, and I will make terms with you.'

"He knew it was true then, and he was right, by the instant submission of the head of the tribe. They went into the tent at once and settled it, he agreeing to pay a handsome sum of money.

"Then came the strangest scene of all. The girl refused to know her father, and wept as if her heart would break over the parting with those gypsy wanderers. A few months, however, sufficed to conquer her strange instincts, and two years later she married a young Englishman, who is now living in Washington."

We were, of course, eager to see her, and the next day we were favored with an introduction to Mrs. Ainsley; and no one, to look at the graceful woman, would ever imagine that she was brought up under the greenwood tree.

She confessed that she had never quite conquered her predilection for the wild woods, and gave us an insight into the mode of the gypsy's life, which was new and interesting.

She herself had known of four children the gypsies had stolen, though she had never dreamed that she herself had been kidnapped. They generally sold them, she said, capturing handsome children for that purpose, and having their agents in every country.

She supposed that becoming attached to her, they decided not to part with her, as she was very lively and merry, and the life of the camp.

A Model Farmer's Wife.

Matilda Fletcher thus describes a farmer's wife who is not only beautiful and wise, but posses es several cardinal virtues in addition:

"The most beautiful woman I have ever known was a farmer's wife, who attended to the household duties for a family of four, and also assisted in gardening and the light farm work; and yet I never saw her hands rough and red, and never even saw a freckle on her nose. Impossible! you say; how did she manage? I never asked her, but she had some envious neighbors who went slouching around with red, scaly hands, sunburnt faces, and hair matted with dust and oil, who let me into the dreadful secret. They informed me, with many an ominous shake of the head, that she was just the proudest minx that ever lived; that she actually wore india-rubber gloves when she used the broom and scrubbing brush, and always when she worked outdoors; that she also had a bonnet made of oiled silk, completely covering the head, face and neck, leaving only apertures for seeing and breathing, thus securing perfect freedom from sun, wind and dust. Did you ever hear of such depravity? She also fastened her dishcloth to a stick so that she need not put her hands in hot water. For the same reason she accomplished her laundry work with a machine and a wringer. And then to see her in the afternoon tricked out in a fashionable white dress, with a bright-colored ribbon at her throat and a rose in her hair, entertaining in the parlor, as though she was the greatest lady in the land, was more than their patience could endure.

"And her husband! he had such a satisfied expression that it was a perfect aggravation to ordinary people to look at him. He deserved to be happy, because he encouraged and helped her to cultivate beauty in herself, her family and her home; and I don't know but her success principally belonged to him, because he bought all the new inventions that could lighten her labors, and all the delicate and pretty things she needed to adorn her home, and if she was sick he wouldn't let her touch work till she was well and strong. Strange as it may seem, at such times he actually devoted himself to her with as much care and tenderness as he would if she had been the most valuable horse on the farm!"

A Heroine of the Commune.

The following was related to me recently of a noble woman whose name should live in history. She, together with her lover, a young surgeon, had taken care of the wounded Communists during the days and nights of their fierce fighting with the Versailles troops. Upon the entry of the latter into the city, when excitement was at its height, and when every one suspected of complicity with the Commune was shot without a question being asked, the surgeon was arrested and brought before the drum-head tribunal, in the Place du Chatelet. His life trembled for the moment in the balance, but was finally saved by the intercession of one of the judges present, who was an intimate friend of the accused. As the latter was being led from the room he met the woman whom he loved, who had helped him in the care of the wounded, and who was now accused of the same crime as he himself had been. "Good God, Marie!" are you here, too?" The woman took in the whole scene at a glance, saw the danger into which she would plunge her lover should she recognize him, and drew herself up coldly, saying, "You are mistaken, sir."—*New York Evening Post.*

PUNISHED FOR IT.—Two insurance men of Lexington, Ky., thought they had discovered a new way to collect old debts, but didn't make out very well. The partner of a bankrupt, who owed them $140, was taken into a room and offered his choice between giving a check for the amount or being shot through the head. After much parleying and praying, he gave his note, and was released on swearing that he would never divulge the affair. In less than five minutes those men had an officer's hand on their shoulders, and within an hour paid $1,500 in fine and costs.

A Box on the Ears.

The case of a pupil teacher who has been charged with causing the death of a boy through giving him a blow on the side of his head, is one which has excited a considerable amount of interest. We draw attention to the case with no idea of moralizing either on the necessity of corporal punishment or on its effect, or on the tendencies of boys to be tyrannical, or on the importance of keeping all corporal punishment in the hands of the head teacher. Our desire simply is to convey a warning as to the possible—we may say probable—effect of "a box on the ears." Many people, otherwise humane, appear to imagine that a box on the ears is a light punishment, specially adapted to the construction of young children. They also appear to think—at least they act as if they thought—that the projection of the ear ears suggests carpulling as a modified form of punishment. The same persons who will strike children violent blows on the head with the hand, open or closed, would think twice before they struck with a cane or a pointer the outstretched hand of a child; and they might possibly object to a sound flogging administered in old schoolboy fashion. But, of the three modes of punishment, the blow on the head is infinitely the more dangerous. The bones of a child's head are much more capable of being injured by a blow than are those of an adult person, and the ear itself is one of the most delicate and delicately organized parts of the whole human body. A man would be considered brutal who hit a child's eye so as to deprive him of sight, or his nose so as to disfigure him. It is no less an injury to make a child deaf, or to cause injury to the brain, or to give rise to abscesses in the ear, or to injure the outer ear—and all these are accidents not uncommon in connection with ear-boxing and ear-pulling, as practiced. We are certain that much of the cruelty perpetrated in this way is done from sheer ignorance; if it were otherwise, no words could be strong enough to stigmatize its barbarity. Even now, if people considered for a moment, they would see that the head is the part of the body where blows are likely to do most speedy and permanent injury. A servant giving a child a box on the ears would, in our estimation, have done a thing justifying instant dismissal. What a mother deserves who is guilty of such an action, we leave to her own conscience.

Weddings.

As the semi-annual bridal season is at hand, it is time to plea for a reform in weddings. Every year this sacredest of all occasions is turned more into a mere opportunity of display, and for replying to some fancied social obligation. Instead of the time when a few of the closest friends gather to witness the solemnest compact human beings can frame, it is chosen as the moment for bringing together the larger part of a family's social circle, to show the bride in her bridal garments, to prove how many flowers and refreshments the family can afford; and, with shame be it said, to exhibit to criticism and light comment the previous tokens that should have come with tender regard to the maid on the eve of her new life. A wedding must not be uncheerful, but it must certainly be solemn to all who realize what it is. On the one side it is renouncing old ties, promising to begin with faith and hope and love, a new and wholly untried existence. On the other it is the acceptance of a sacred trust, the covenant to order life anew in such ways as shall make the happiness of two instead of one. Can such an occasion be fitting for revelry? Is it not wiser, more delicate to bid only the nearest friends to a marriage ceremony, and leave the feasting and frolic for a subsequent time? We are sure there are few girls, if they reflect on the seriousness of the step they are about to take, will not choose to make their vow merely within the loving limits of their home circle. All our best instincts point to the absolute simplicity and privacy of wedding services; only a perversion of delicacy could contemplate the asking of crowds of half-sympathetic or wholly curious people to attend the most solemn of contracts. Let there be as much party making, rejoicing and pleasure taking afterward as hearts desire; but let the solemn vows be made in the presence only of those nearest and dearest.

Prairie Dogs.

Prairie dogs look very much like red squirrels, with their ears cropped close as a hen's, and their tails cut off to three inches long. They live in houses or holes in the ground, and usually in "towns," where large numbers are found.

Each family has a house to itself; and such houses! They dig holes in the ground, sometimes quite deep and very crooked, and at the top they make mounds about the size and shape of an inverted bushel basket, leaving a funnel-shaped hole in the middle for the doorway. It is hard to get hold of them, for they always run to the mounds at the first intimation of a person approaching, and, if shot, they fall into the house out of reach; but if not, they dive down in a very amusing manner. At times they are real playful, and will chase each other around for a while, then they set up on their hind legs and make a chuckling noise like laughing, or stand on their hind feet and give a squeaking challenge for another race, and off they go. I have often stopped my oxen and sat on the plow to watch them in their antics, and always with increasing pleasure. It took me some time to learn about their ears, for they are hard to get acquainted with. Sometimes I thought they had none; at others that they did, but kept them laid back like a cross horse when I was near. But after a while they seemed to lose their fear, and would play all sorts of pranks when I was within a few feet of them.

The Dead Soldier.

He was never to come come. A hundred times a day the wife uttered a silent prayer that he might be spared to those that loved him, and when dusk came the children waited at the gate as in days gone by, and watched for him to come. It seemed to them as if all the sunshine had left the world. Fever came, cold came, and the children saw more tears than bread. Only in sleep did they forget their loneliness and their woes. Who can tell the mother's sad thoughts! Who can feel her heartaches and griefs! Each day was a struggle to keep starvation away—each night she thanked God that her husband was still alive, even though in the shadow of death.

And the end.

Yes, the end came one day, and her wounded heart was to be pierced still deeper, and the children's pale faces were to grow paler. War demands victims, and he yielded up his life. Down where the blue Potomac winds around hills and rushes through between the mountains they laid him away to sleep his last sleep—he with hundreds of others who are now dust.

The hearts that grieved had new cause for grief. They pained and ached when they knew that the father's footstep would never be heard again, and they grew faint at the thought that the struggle with hunger and cold had only just commenced. Wife nor children have ever looked upon his grave. No word of farewell from his lips ever reached them. The paper recorded his name with the list of the dead, and no other news ever came. He slumbered with the great army of the dead, forgotten by all save those who knew his love and tenderness.

The years have gone by, and the dust of time has settled upon our memory of the days of battle, and wounds and death. It seems like a dream, broken only when we see the sad face of those windowed or orphaned by the shrieking bullet, or the glistening sabre. We forgot those who marched with us, those who cheered us on our way. The wild autumn wind sings its sad requiem o'er the turf covering the dust of father, son and brother, who gave their lives for liberty, and the pale-faced widow and the grieving orphan hide their grief in their hearts, and we forget that they grieve—that they cannot forget like us.

A Coal Discovery.

It was long after the Revolutionary war, says a magazine writer, that a hunter who had been out all day on Mauch Chunk Mountain, Pennsylvania, and had found no game, and who was returning weary and disheartened to his cabin, with no means to purchase food for his family, struck with his foot as he passed along a black crystal. He stooped and examined it. The first specimen of that priceless mineral which has transformed the wilderness into a populous nation, and contributed to the comfort of millions, lay before him. The rain fell fast. The hunter was tired and hungry. Yet he took up the apparently worthless stone and carried it with him to his cabin. Mauch Chunk then lay bare and bleak, the haunt of wild beasts and savage men, and had not the hunter preserved the shining mineral, might still have hidden its secret stores for another decade. He showed the specimen to a friend; it was taken to Philadelphia. The mountain was explored, and a company formed to work the mine. But it was at first unsuccessful, and many years elapsed before Pennsylvania became conscious of its hidden treasures, and discovered that it possessed mines richer than those of the Incas and perennial fountains of industrial progress. The unlucky discoverer, it seems, reaped little profit from his good fortune. His land was taken from him by a prior claim. He died in poverty. Great companies, possessed of enormous capital, and spanning with their combined railroads half the continent, now encircle the Mauch Chunk Mountain with their avenues of trade. Coal has been found heaped upon the sides of the hills, and compressed in huge masses in the valleys. The richest and almost the only bed of anthracite in the world has been discovered beneath the path of the solitary hunter.

Diastase as a Digestive Agent.

The substance here named, says Dr. Collens C. Hunt, which is believed to be new as a remedial agent, was first employed by William Elmer, M. D., of New York, who has given it a fair trial for a year or two, with most gratifying results. It not only aids in the digestion of starchy food, but seems to impart vigor to the digestive functions generally, and through this action supplies energy to the brain and nervous system. For some of the worst forms of indigestion, the use of diastase has had the effect, in particular, of producing the most tranquil and refreshing sleep, and that where, previously, satisfactory sleep had been almost unknown. This result is attributed to the digestive power of diastase more than to any other property it possesses. Diastase may be given in the form of a syrup or in lozenges. The dose is from one to two grains directly after each meal. The syrup should be used with glucose rather than with cane sugar; but any syrup has the great objection that it is required to be kept cold, or the diastase is liable to turn sour.

Exemplary damages have been given by a Baltimore jury, in a case in which a man shot another by accident. The defendant playfully took up a gun, entertaining the common idea that no gun can possibly be loaded, and playfully pointed it at his friend. As it always happens in such cases, the gun was loaded, and he shot and almost killed his friend, only in fun of course. The jury showed their appreciation of such genial humor by giving a verdict for $6,000 damages.

A BIT OF MORMON HISTORY.

The Secret of the Terrible Mountain Meadow Massacre.

A writer in a newspaper article calls to mind that the killing of Elder Parley P. Pratt, the second elder in the Mormon church at that time (in 1856 I believe it was), near Van Buren, by Mr. H. H. McLean, of San Francisco, was the cause of the Mountain Meadow massacre. Mr. McLean, agent for the steamship company of San Francisco, had his wife stolen from him by this man, and made his seventh wife. Mr. McLean sent his two children, after this happened, to his father-in-law in New Orleans. They were a boy and a girl, and as interesting as children could be. Some time after they arrived at New Orleans the mother left Salt Lake and went and got them and started to Utah with them. The almost broken-hearted father left his business to look after his children. On arriving at New York he heard of Pratt, and tracked him to St. Louis. Then he lost all sight of him and went to New Orleans. Arriving there he heard of his wife and children in Texas with a caravan going to Utah. He went to Texas, and there he intercepted letters written in cipher to Mrs. P. P. Parker, the assumed name of his wife. Having become able to decipher the letters, he learned from them they were from Pratt, and he desired the caravan to come to the neighborhood of Fort Gibson. Mr. McLean returned to New Orleans, broken down in spirit, and knew not what to do. He resolved to go to Fort Gibson, in the Cherokee nation. He did so, and under the name of Johnson (his secret being known to the officers of the fort) he captured his wife and children, and Pratt, also. They were arrested by the United States marshal, and taken to Van Buren, before United States commissioner John B. Ogden, for trial. The charges for stealing his wife's clothing could not be sustained, and there being no crime known to the laws of the United States under which he could be held, he was released. Never shall I forget the trial, the great excitement and popular desire for vengeance on Pratt. When Mr. McLean appeared in court and read the papers in cipher, written by the old serpent, and stated the history of his so happy family being broken up, the people desired to lynch Pratt, and he was put in jail to prevent it being done. McLean, himself, became so highly offended and so deeply excited that at one time he commenced drawing his pistol to kill him in the court room. Pratt was secretly discharged early the next morning, but the watchfulness of McLean found it out, and he followed him and killed him, and returned to town and gave notice of the fact. He then got some assistance of his friends, and took his children to New Orleans or San Francisco, and his wife, who had been a highly intellectual woman, was, I think, taken to an insane asylum. Of Mr. McLean it may be said that he was a gentleman of fine education, great business habits, a kind, generous, true and trusty friend, overflowing with human kindness—indeed, there are very few like him. His act was approved and justified by all this people. Many a time has the melancholy reflection come over me that the murder of 120 persons by the Mormons was for the just death of this impostor and scoundrel.

Robinson Crusoe's Island.

Crusoe's island is to-day a little paradise. Lord planted there, on one of his voyages, apples, peaches, grapes, plums, strawberries and several kinds of vegetables. The number of the latter was increased by a Scotchman, David Douglass, who landed on the island in 1825. He was not a little astonished to find a hermit there, who had been on the isle five years. On the second day he was not a little surprised to see a man suddenly emerge from a clump of bushes and approach him. He looked upon himself as Crusoe's successor, although he did not occupy the historical cave, having built himself a hut of stones and sods, roofing it with the straw of wild oats. As cooking utensils he possessed only a single iron pot, the bottom of which, one unfortunate day, had fallen out. This damage he had, however, had the ingenuity to repair with a wooden bottom; but now he was compelled to place his pot in the ground and build a fire round it. This man's name was William Clark, and he came from London. He had a few books, and among them there was a copy of Robinson Crusoe's adventures and of Cowper's poems; he called Douglass' attention to the well known poem beginning:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute," etc.

Nevertheless, he did not seem to be happy. There was one wish, his greatest, that he could not gratify—he could get no roast beef! At present this island is in the possession of a colony of Germans. Sixty or seventy, under the leadership of an engineer named Robert Wehrhahn, settled there in 1868. They describe the island as being in the highest degree salubrious and fruitful. On their arrival they found large flocks of goats, about thirty half-wild horses and some sixty asses. They brought with them cows, hogs, fowls, farming utensils, small boats and fishing tackle.

Stealing.

It is very singular how often people claiming to be respectable take soap and towels by mistake from hotel bedrooms when they depart. In some of the large hotels this thoughtlessness on the part of guests has gotten to be a great annoyance and something of an expense to the proprietor. We fear that it will come to this—that soap will have to be changed and towels nailed to the washstands, and on the back of the door an appendix to the usual notice will request guests not to carry off the bedsteads by mistake!

Items of Interest.

When a servant girl was asked, a few days since, where her mistress, who had gone to a water-cure establishment, was, she said, "She has gone to stalk."

"My dear sir," said a candidate, soliciting a stray vote on the day of the election, "I am very glad to see you." "You needn't be," replied the wag. "I have voted."

The decision of a Boston Court, that if a woman lends money to her husband she cannot get it back, only confirms in law what has long been held good in practice.

A man having a bill against a distant merchant sent a letter of inquiry to a banker in that locality. The reply was, "He is dead; but he pays now as well as he ever did."

Color-Sergeant Charles Hodges, Third Battalion Grenadier Guards, who is the best shot in the British army for the year 1873-74, has been awarded the prize of £20 and the silver medal.

A liberal Chicago gentleman has carried out the dying wishes of the late Bishop Whitehouse of Illinois by paying off the entire debt of the cathedral in that city and making it perfectly free.

A lively lad swung with such energy in a San Francisco garden that he threw himself into a conservatory 30 feet distant, cut an artery in his arm, ruined several hundred dollars' worth of rare plants, and frightened the women almost out of their senses.

The idea of licensing the drinkers instead of the drinksellers is approved by many temperance societies in Illinois. It is urged that a drunkard's license would be forfeited, and that he would be unable to buy liquor, while moderate drinkers would not be hampered.

It is stated that an exceptionally large group of spots is now visible on the surface of the sun. They may be perceived with smoked glass without the aid of a telescope. According to Mr. W. F. Denning, of Bristol, England, the spots cover an area of nearly 78,000 miles.

"Why don't you take off your hat when I pass?" said Mr. Sterling, an important landowner, to the son of a small cotter, who was proceeding to the mansion house, bearing a couple of fowls in each hand. "An' we'll hand the hens," said the boy, "I'll take aff my bannet."

At Salisbury Point, Mass., there are three churches, the minister of each rejoicing in the name of Wright. One lives in the upper part of the town, one in the lower, and the third at the mills; so the people have dubbed their spiritual guides as "Upright," "Downwright," and "Milwright."

A youth asked permission of his mother to go to a ball. She told him it was a bad place for little boys. "Why, mother, didn't you and father go to balls when you were young?" "Yes, but we have seen the folly of it," said the mother. "Well, mother," exclaimed the son, "I want to see the folly of it, too."

It is estimated that the "hide hunters" of Kansas, Texas, Colorado, and Southern Nebraska kill 50,000 buffalo each year for the skins alone; that the Indians kill three times that number, and that perhaps 10,000 more are killed by sportsmen and those pioneers who depend on the buffalo for their winter meat. Thus we have the enormous figure of 210,000 as the annual slaughter.

The Disease Called Excitement.

Man does not need that which he calls excitement. What a healthy mind most craves is placidity; to do its work in perfect calm, without any stimulus except that afforded by perfect bodily health. Mind and body healthy, each will give all the stimulus the other needs without resort to artificial means. Mental dissipation and physical debauchery are alike disastrous in their effects; alike breed a fierce appetite for more, an appetite that will not be appeased except by deeper and deeper draughts, which finally ruin body, mind, and soul. Unfortunately, this appetite is fostered by our theatrical performances, novels of the day, and social gossip, so that religion (so terribly assailed by scandal just now), legislative enactments, social philosophy—all seem powerless to effect a cure. We are sometimes disposed to think that the only way is to let the disease run its course, until the poison eliminates itself from the body politic. Society, as at present organized, may die of the disease, or perhaps it may survive to enjoy better health afterward. Let us pray for better health!

A Spanish Preserve.

A writer says: "The Spaniards have a mode of preserving which is quite peculiar to themselves. A slice being cut off from one end of a large melon, the seeds and soft parts of the flesh are removed, and into the hollow thus formed a luscious heterogeneous crowd of apricots, nectarines and peaches, of oranges both sweet and bitter, of slices of pineapples, of strawberries, of raspberries, is pressed and closely packed; then all is steeped in the preserving syrup, the slice is restored to the end of the melon, reunited by the stickiness of the sugar. How long it remains under treatment, how often the syrup may be made to simmer, are details unknown to us; what we do know is that the final result is altogether the supremest form of preserved fruit.

ROMANCE THAT DIED.—An old soldier in Sicily gave his wife a silk dress. His wife died and was buried in the dress. Some years after the old soldier saw this dress on a woman in the country, and, making inquiries, was told she had purchased it from a Jew who had the custody of the [illegible] He proposed the case to [illegible] investigated and made [illegible] that a regular trade was [illegible] talents from dead bodies. [illegible] over a trade in hair.

The M'Kean Miner.

M. F. Barbour - - Editor.

THURSDAY, NOV. 12, 1874.

THE MINER is published every Thursday, at Smethport, McKean County, Pa. It is the fourth in point of the highest ambition of the Publisher to make THE MINER a first-class local family journal. Terms of news from all parts of the County are respectfully solicited, and will be liberally paid for if desired.

SUBSCRIBERS.—The regular subscription price of THE MINER is TWO DOLLARS per annum. But hereafter, and during the present management, parties paying their subscription in advance will be allowed a deduction of 25 per cent. upon the ordinary given price, when paid in cash.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot pay any attention to communications; every article must be accompanied by the writer's true name and address for our own security. We cannot possibly notice rejected manuscript, which fact we desire to impress on all correspondents.

ADVERTISING TERMS.—Legal, Official and transient advertising, per square—three times or less Two Dollars; each subsequent insertion, fifty cents. Local notices ten cents per line for one insertion; five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Obituary notices, over five lines, ten cents per line. Professional cards, five lines or less, per year, five dollars. Rates for display advertisements furnished on application.

THERE are as many Republicans in McKean county as there were two years ago, there are no more Democrats, and yet the Democratic ticket is elected throughout by majorities varying from three to over two-hundred. The usual apathy of Republicans, in this county, is therefore the cause of our defeat. In 1872 the Republican vote in this county was 1025, this year it was 915; in 1872 the Democratic vote was 930, this year it was 918. We do not see in these figures any evidence of an increase in the Democratic vote. At least 110 Republicans either voted the Democratic ticket or did not vote at all, while 32 Democrats voted the Republican ticket or did not vote at all. We do not hear of a Democrat who voted the Republican State ticket, or who remained at home, while we know of numbers of Republicans who did not go near the polls. If those who remained at home had taken the trouble to have voted we could easily have elected our State ticket and a portion of the county ticket. Mr. Butts received every vote, excepting one, in his own township, and Mr. Roberts ran 61 votes ahead of his ticket in his township, which they consider glory enough, although they were defeated in the county.

SOME of the Democratic papers are uttering the warning that there will be a clean sweep of the old incumbents of positions under control of the House, including the resident clerkships. We heartily approve of the sentiment, for we are of those who believe that the instruments of any policy should be in harmony, and that any Republican who seeks to retain a place under a Democratic House, or still Officer, by that desire, proves himself unworthy the confidence of those he sues to serve, or of the party he disgraces by his office-loving crawling. Turn them all out now, and them don't howl when we do the same under similar circumstances, hereafter.

SENATOR Wm. A. Wallace is around already, and, we venture to say, the cracks will cover the State pretty thoroughly before the Legislature meets in January. The Philadelphia *Press* of yesterday says:

State Senator William A. Wallace is in town. He is less demonstrative in regard to the victory of his party than our city Democrats, probably from his greater ability to take a genuine statesmanlike grasp of the situation, which enables him to foresee the necessity for moderation. Senator Wallace looms up most prominently in a contest which promises to close in the State Capitol by giving him a commission to the other end of the United States Capitol.

THE latest is that C. B. Curtis is defeated for Congress in the Erie, Warren and Venango district by 11 majority. Pretty close shave, but it was money against brains, and money won.

THE official vote for Congressman in this district is as follows:

Lycoming	2331	Rose	4437	Earley
Potter	1368	"	915	"
Sullivan	489	"	822	"
McKean	922	"	824	"
Cameron	183	"	470	"
Tioga	2356	"	1713	"
	10440		2331	
			Rose Majority	1339

IT is understood that *Jeff.* Davis has smiled once since the late election, for the first time in twelve years.

THE hum of the busy B. Butler will no longer be heard in the Congressional hive. He will remain to hum—in Gloucester.

SEVERAL monuments—the few Republican Congressmen.

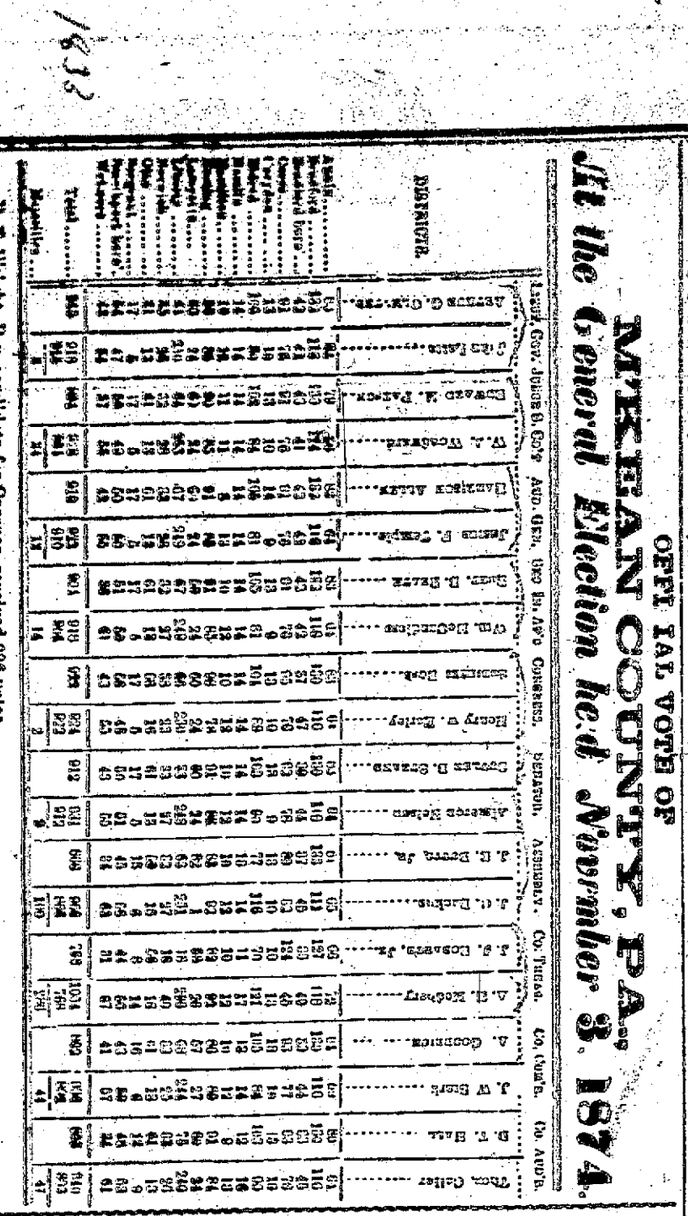
The Republicans in Congress.

[From the New York Times.]

There is nothing in the general results of the elections which is more satisfactory than the fact that the Democrats have secured a majority in the House of Representatives. If it was inevitable that they should win on a great scale, and drive out such a Governor of New-York as Gen. Dix, it is decidedly advantageous to have them placed in a position in Congress where they will be forced to tell us what they propose to do with the affairs of the nation. After such a vote as that which was given in several States on Tuesday against the Republican Party, it would have been unfortunate if the Democrats had escaped all responsibility for suggesting measures in Congress during the next two years. With a powerful minority in the House of Representatives they might have hung upon the heels of the Republican Party, and succeeded in harassing it and destroying all its opportunities of usefulness, while declining to be held responsible for anything themselves. It is always much easier to oppose a policy than to invent one. Since the conclusion of the war, the Democrats have had the advantage over the Republicans in this respect, and if their party had been wisely led, or had possessed any competent journals, much more might have been made of this opportunity. As it is, the Democrats will be obliged to declare plainly what they would do themselves, and will not be able to intrench themselves behind mere objections to Republicans measures.

They will probably try to evade this responsibility at first by continuing their attacks upon Republican administration—by moving for countless "Committees of Investigation," and inquiries into every public department. But this expedient will not serve them very long. The people will expect them to do something more than they have done during the last six years. And the moment they show their hands, they will begin to lose ground. For it is no less true than it was a week ago that the Democratic Party is disqualified from dealing with the two leading questions before the people—the state of the finances and the condition of the South. The shrewdest Democrat alive cannot manufacture a financial scheme which will be equally acceptable East, West, and South. It may be, indeed, that the policy of inflation is more popular than many people supposed. Sound views on great financial questions are confined to a very few persons, and it takes a long time to distribute them over masses of people. To many men it may seem that money was more plentiful when greenbacks were issued more freely, and they have an idea that the printing press is still the best engine for removing the dullness of trade. It is impossible to say how large a proportion of the people are secretly in favor of inflation. But any open measure on the subject is certain to encounter great opposition, and it will always be difficult for the Democrats to reconcile the platforms of Ohio and Indiana with the declarations of their party at Syracuse.

A still more nearly insuperable difficulty which the Democrats will have to encounter lies in the treatment of the South. The Southern people will expect much more from them than the Northern people will permit them to concede. If they attempt to reverse any of the legislation of the period since 1865, they will commit themselves to a step which will soon bring down upon them the vengeance of the people. If they accept the *status quo*, the Southern States will very soon discover that it would be better for them to deal at once with the Republican Party. The only strong game of the Democrats would be to do nothing, and this is out of the question. Both South and North will demand action of some kind or other. And it would puzzle much wiser statesmen than any of which the Democratic Party can boast to suggest a scheme of "reconstruction" which could successfully replace that of the Republicans, and which would be accepted in good faith at the North. To these tasks, however, the Democrats will be obliged to address themselves, and it is for that reason that we are glad to see them with a majority in the House of Representatives. The Republicans must press them to say plainly what they purpose to do about the finances and the South. If they refuse they will not gain public confidence. If they accept, they will involve themselves in all kinds of inextricable difficulties.



Whether the time for "new parties" has arrived or not we shall not pretend to say, but it is quite certain that the Democratic party as at present constituted cannot possibly set at rest the disturbed questions which are now pressing for a solution.

THE Allegany County *Reporter*, whose editor, S. C. Rude, is a deep thinker and far-seeing politician as well as graceful writer, thus comments upon the causes of the late political overturning:

There is but one thing to which it can be due—A THIRD TERM PANIC. We verily believe that there never has been any cause for apprehension that President Grant could be elected for a third term. There is no proof that he ever entertained the thought of running. But the subject has been so urged upon the attention of the people, that in popular estimation it has swallowed up all other issues. Whatever may have been the position heretofore, the third term for Grant is now put forever out of the question. Public sentiment has made itself known and felt in a way that would have awakened last century's dead, and the maddest ambition can do nothing against its fiat. This catastrophe might have been averted had the President repaid the unfaltering support of the party for so many years, by renouncing in one short sentence, any thought of a re-election. This State might have been saved had our State Convention spoken that sentence for him. But no sign was given, and we have what we have."

IT does not mend the pitcher to tell how it got broken. This is an old proverb, and particularly applicable, now. There is some satisfaction in knowing how it got broken, and no amount of proverbial philosophy will keep those concerned from telling all about it; but now that we know the pitcher is broken, and have all had our say as to how it happened, let us go to work with a will to repair the disaster, in the best possible way, and quit talking about how and why it occurred. We are neither disheartened nor discouraged; because we know that a lively party, founded upon the eternal principles of right and justice, cannot be put down with a merely temporary defeat, and that is all this present reverse amounts to.

DISCUSSION has already commenced regarding the probable Speaker of the next House of Representatives. Gen. N. P. Banks is prominently mentioned, and he would no doubt be a proper selection to preside over a Democratic body. He voted himself extra pay as a member of Congress in 1872, took the money and kept it. The party unanimously supported Fernando Wood, another salary-grabber, for the same position a year ago, so why not support Banks this time?

THE Massachusetts Legislature has not been carried by the Democracy, and the Old Bay State is still spared the spectacle of a Democrat in the seat of Charles Sumner.

IN Solomon's time there were those who were continually lamenting that the good old times were gone, just as in our own time there are many who think the days of Washington were the golden age of the Republic, when the people all lived in harmony, detraction and personal abuse were unknown. "Say not thou," says Solomon, "what is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this." That the former days were not better than these, is apparent from the following extract from the Philadelphia *Aurora* of March 4, 1797. It is a burst of Democratic exultation over the expiration of George Washington's term as President. It is fully up to the style of the New York *Sun*, of the present day, and shows that the public man who, above all others, looms up to our vision as one who was never subject to calumny, was yet as roundly and violently abused as any of the public men of the present age. The extract reads thus:

"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation," was the pious ejaculation of a man who beheld a flood of happiness rushing upon mankind. If ever there was a time that would license the reiteration of the exclamation, that time is now arrived; for the man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country is this day reduced to a level with his fellow-citizens, and is no longer possessed of power to multiply evils upon the United States. If ever there was a period for rejoicing, this is the moment. Every heart in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people ought to beat high with exultation—that the name of Washington from this day ceases to give a currency to political iniquity, and to legalize corruption. A new era is now opening upon us—an era which promises much to the people, for public measures must now stand upon their own merits, and nefarious projects can no longer be supported by a name. When a retrospect is taken of the Washington administration for eight years, it is a subject of the greatest astonishment that a single individual should have cankered the principles of Republicanism in an enlightened people just emerged from the gulf of despotism, and should have carried his designs against the public liberty so far as to have put in jeopardy its very existence. Such, however, are the facts, and with these staring us in the face, this day ought to be a jubilee in the United States."

TWOPENNY courts in Louisiana are now engaged in arresting United States Marshals and United States army officers, and punishing them, for obeying the orders, issued in pursuance of United States laws, by their superiors. If this is permitted, what has been gained by the war in settling the plain issue then raised, which was, Are the States or the Federal Power sovereign? If it is prevented, will the enforcement of Federal authority constitute another Outrage against the South?

HAVE it is over a week since election, and bread, beef, and potatoes are just as high as they ever were.

THE time for crimination and recrimination is past, and the one task now before the Republicans of Pennsylvania is to go earnestly to work to retrieve their losses. We all know who did it, and how it was done; and if our theories on that subject do not coincide, they are, at least, satisfactory to ourselves, and that ought to suffice us. Principles are eternal, and cannot be overthrown. They may be held in check, and obstructed for a time; but the great moral principles of right and justice that lie at the foundation of the Republican party are just as worthy of our devotion and support as ever. On this subject, we quote the following from the Chicago *Inter Ocean*:

"We have been defeated! What then? Shall Republicans sit down in despair and mourn over a battle which is lost? It is not their wont so to do. Fortunately they know how to endure defeat as well as enjoy triumph. They gained their experience in darker days and under more trying circumstances than these. They were beaten back at Bull Run, but they rallied again. They were mowed downed at Manassas, but they came back to the conflict with renewed determination. They learned what it was to be whipped, but they never learned what it was to despair, and it is not a good time to begin now. The unexpected successes of the Democrats have made them wild with joy. They are already scrambling over the spoils like a gang of highwaymen drunk from the capture of wine. While they are carousing and fighting and cursing among themselves, let Republicans keep cool and be ready at the proper time to strike a blow which shall send these gamblers in principles back to oblivion."

THE civil suit for damages, brought against H. W. Beecher by Theodore Tilton, came up Monday morning before Judge Reynolds, in the City Court, Brooklyn. The court room was crowded with spectators, *many of them ladies!* After considerable argument pro and con, the case was set down for trial on Wednesday, November 18th.

EX-Governor Seymour and Hoffman are among the names mentioned for United States Senator from New York. The latter has just returned from a two years' visit to Europe.—The objection to the former will be that he is a resident of the same town—Utica—as Senator Conkling. Besides this the Senator and ex-Governor are brothers-in-law.

S. W. Smith.

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

A. M. ADAMS & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

TOBACCO, SNUFF AND CIGARS

No. 48 and 50 PEARL St., Buffalo, N. Y

Summer Arrangement.

Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia Railway.

ON AND AFTER June 29, 1874, trains will run on the B. N. Y. & Phila. R'y as follows:—

Leaving Buffalo.

8.50 a. m. —Mixed Train to Port Allegany—(daily except Sundays) stopping at Orean 9:16 p. m., at Portville 4:01, at State Line 4:23, at Eldred 4:50, at Lamabee 5:10, at Port Allegany 6:00.

6.20 a. m. —Philadelphia Express—(daily except Sundays) stopping at Orean 9:11, at Portville 9:24, Eldred 9: 7, Lamabee 9:55, Port Allegany 10:16, Emporium 11:15 Williamsport 6:30, p. m., Sunbury 8:35 Harrisburg 10:30 p. m., Philadelphia 2:50 a. m., Baltimore 2:40 a. m., Washington 6:20 a. m.

5 30 p. m. —Port Allegany Accommodation—(Daily) stopping at Orean 8:40, at Portville 8:56, State Line 9:04, Eldred 9:15, Lamabee 9:35, Sartwell 9:38, Port Allegany 9:45.

Trains Leave Emporium.

3.15 a. m. —Local Passenger and Freight—(daily except Sunday,) stopping at Port Allegany 5:45, Lamabee 6:50, Olean 8:17, Buffalo 2:00 p. m.

6 p. m. —Niagara express—daily except Sunday, stopping at Port Allegany 7:50, at Lamabee 7:56, at Olean 8:10, at Buffalo 11 p. m.

Train Leaves Port Allegany.

4.45 a. m. —Accommodation—(daily) stopping at Turtle Point 5:00, Sartwell 5:03, Lamabee 5:10, Eldred 5:17, State Line 5:32, Olean 6:00, Buffalo 8:30 a. m.

H. L. LYMAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

J. D. YEOMAN, Supt.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, JUNE 21st, 1874, the Trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Rail Road Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

NIAGARA EX. leaves Phila		7 30 a. m
" " "	Renovo	4 30 p. m
" " "	Emporium	6 50 p. m
" " "	St. Marys	7 38 p. m
" " arr. at Kane		9 15 p. m
ERIE MAIL leaves Phila		11 55 p. m
" " "	Renovo	11 10 a. m
" " "	Emporium	1 35 p. m
" " "	St. Marys	2 10 p. m
" " arr. at Erie		5 55 p. m

EASTWARD.

NIAGARA EXPRESS leaves Kane		8 00 a. m
" " "	St. Marys	10 20 a. m
" " "	Emporium	11 05 a. m
" " "	Renovo	4 07 p. m
" " arr. at Phila.		2 50 a. m
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie		11 00 a. m
" " "	St. Marys	6 00 p. m
" " "	Emporium	6 50 p. m
" " "	Renovo	9 30 p. m
" " arr. at Philadelphia		6 40 a. m

Mail East connects east and west at Erie with L. S. & M. S. R. W. and at Corry with Oil Creek and Allegheny R. R. W.

Mail West connects with east and west trains on L. S. & M. S. R. W. and at Corry and Irvineton with Oil Creek and Allegheny R. R. W.

WM. A. BALDWIN, General Superintendent.

B. O. Smith & Co's

EXCELSIOR!

FALL OF 1874.

Our purchases for this Fall are large and exceedingly choice in character; we have received large invoices of staple and fancy goods, and many job lots that will be sold at job prices. Both goods are much lower in price than they have been since the war Our large and varied stock of

Domestic & Foreign

Dress Goods

cannot be equalled. Without enumerating, it includes all the market furnishes. Our

Stock of Shawls

includes many novelties; gloves and hosiery for men, women and children, kid, dog skin, lile, silk, &c. An immense stock of

Bugle and Beaded Fringes,

Passamentains necklaces, &c., for trimming dresses, sacques, &c. Beaded beltings and gimps. A large stock of

Hamburg Edgings,

and insertions; a full line of white goods, including Marseilles quilts, piques, figured, plain and satin striped, linens, damasks, napkins, towels, handkerchiefs, &c.

Great Bargains

in job lots of Sardinia grey cloths, cassimeres, vestings, waterproofs, Kentucky jeans, flannels for children; an attractive assortment of notions and umbrellas. We are agents for Johnson's fine

Shoes for Ladies

and for Symmons' hand made shoes for gents. The fall styles of hats and caps for gents and boys. A beautiful line of carpets, tapestry and ingrain.

Wall and Window

paper, oil shades, Nottingham lace and damask curtains.

All the above

Bought for Cash,

and will be sold for the same at satisfactory prices.

Come soon or send your orders.

B. O. Smith & Co.

OLEAN, Sept. 24, 1874.

The M'Kean Miner.

THURSDAY, NOV. 12, 1874.

Local and Miscellaneous.

WANTED.—A young girl can find a good place in a small family in this borough, to board and go to school, services out of school hours to be taken in consideration of board. Inquire at this office.

Extra Inducements.

R. O. Smith & Co's buyer, Mr. Myer, is now in the city selecting Winter goods, such as Furs, Robes, Holiday knick nacks, &c. Many goods are very much depressed in price during the past month, and the above enterprising Company are determined to profit by it. Having the cash to buy goods at low prices they are able to sell them at corresponding low rates. It will pay to visit them for the necessaries as well as the trifles and luxuries of life. Try them, at all events, if only to look at the new styles and prices.

— The coming event—the Dedication, Festival and ball.

— Thanksgiving two weeks from to-day. Let your turkeys roost high, for every Democrat is bound to have one this year.

— Alfred Sturdevant is as handy with a rifle as with a razor. We saw him to-day pa-, ying home an otter, the spoils of a few hours shooting.

— Charles Westerman—the exquisite Chawles—formerly of Potter county, and well known to many in this county, was married in Philadelphia last week.

— It is positive pleasure to meet a Democrat now—his face wears a happy expectant look, and he has hardly words to express his astonished happiness.

— The Winter Session of the Smethport graded School will open on Tuesday, the 1st of December next. Further announcement will be made next week.

— It is reported that the following item will appear in next week's Herewerm:

"Glory hall-lujah! Two dollars received at this office this week! Bring in your wash bill."

— We are informed by a correspondent that Hon H W Williams and Rev. Dr. Mitchell, of Wellsboro, will assist in perfecting the organization of the Presbyterian church at Kane, on Sunday, the 15th inst.

— Numberless small potato Democratic editors and politicians throughout the country are taking to themselves a good deal of credit for bringing about a Democratic victory, when in truth no one is more astounded at the result than they.

— It must have been in Smethport that the following dialogue was overheard between a successful candidate and one of his young hopefuls:

"Pa, be we all Members of Assembly?"

"No, no, my child, none but your mother and I?"

— We give this week the official election returns of M'Kean County, and, by the way, the Miner is the only paper in the county in which they can be found. Democratic subscribers of the Herewerm who do not take the Miner can borrow it of their neighbors to see the extent of their victory.

— We look upon it as a piece of impertinent cruelty, to the "bird" as well as to ourselves, for the Herewerm to bring out "the Miner rooster to the public gaze, in such a feebly expressed plight as he was in last week. But he's a "gamey bird," if he doesn't look more much just now, and is good for another round.

— The Irish and Swede laborers on the railroad between here and Larrabee's do not agree very readily. A serious difficulty occurred the other day, resulting in some blue lahed, one man having his throat cut severely but not fatally. We may look for sanguinary scenes in this vicinity for the next few months, but they seem to be among the inevitable concomitants of rail road building.

LYCEUM PROGRAMME.—The following is the programme of exercises for the Lyceum, Saturday evening:

Select Reading—Lena Hamlin, Cora Sartwell, H. F. Barbour.

Five minute speeches.—W. J. Milliken, Belle Mahle.

Paper.—Emma King, Clara McCoy.

Dispatants.—J. C. Backus, J. L. Rathbun.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Mark Hardy, of Alton called in our office yesterday, on his return from Elk county, where he has been engaged for some in prospecting for minerals on the lands recently advertised by Gen. Kane. He tells us that he is very favorably impressed with the appearance of that section, and believes it contains an almost inexhaustible wealth in its resources both above and below the surface of the ground, in minerals and timber. Mr. Hardy is a gentleman whose statements are perfectly reliable.

— An editor whose head is certainly level says there is no surer way of bringing population and capital to a locality than to have it well represented by its newspapers. There is a large class of people ever ready to move who are influenced and drawn to one place and another, just as they see the country best represented by its local press. A creditable looking newspaper is a fortune to any town possessing it. People do not know their own interest who neglect to give their local press such a support as will enable it to make a creditable appearance abroad. There are people in every community who recognize this fact and wholesouled enough to act accordingly. There are others who are so narrow-minded to have any generous impulses whatever, and complain of being to poor to pay a paltry dime a year for the support of newspapers whose efforts have benefitted them to the extent of thousands of dollars.

Books Now Open!

The subscription books of the Miner are now open to those new or old subscribers who wish to secure the paper for ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per year, by paying the same in advance.

Dedication.

The Directors of the Smethport School District will dedicate their new and elegant school-house with a grand Supper and Ball on Friday evening, Nov. 20th, 1874. All are respectfully invited to attend.

COMMITTEE ON SUPPER.

Mrs. A N Taylor	Mrs. H Hamlin
" Wm. Haskell	" S D Freeman
" B D Hamlin	" R Sartwell
" G M Smith	" A B Armstrong
" J S Chadwick	" W S Brownell
" N W Abbey	" J G Eaton
" E F Waller	" Robt King

COMMITTEE ON HALL DECORATION.

Miss Cora Sartwell	Mr E H Bard
" Mable Hamlin	" Wm Gifford
" Alice Chadwick	" John Wendel
" Hattie Barker	" T Powell
" Emma Hamlin	" Frank Taylor
" Carrie Specht	" George Corwin
" C Beckwith	" John Beckwith
" Minnie Wendel	" Delos Gallup

FLOOR MANAGERS.

Mr S M Sartwell	Mr B L Knapp
" M L Armstrong	" E V Chadwick

Music under direction of Prof. La Sear.

Tickets per couple, $2 00

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Mr. L Rogers Prest.	Mr S D Freeman
" J C Backus	" M A Sprague
" D L Forsyth	" I S Gleason Secy.

Why Not?

Why can we not have a Lyceum this coming winter that will surpass all previous seasons in interest and profit. There is no institution in our borough that can be made productive of more benefit to all classes than this, if each one will contribute his mite to the intellectual fund. The greatest difficulty lies in the propensity to shirk their duties on the part of those who are called upon for literary exercises. If the general public see that the members are in earnest, we will warrant that the attendance will be large enough. Let every member make his business and pleasure engagements, as far as possible, so that he can be ready when called upon, and the success of the Lyceum is assured.

Are our Assessors Guilty of Perjury.

Those who attended the Lyceum last Saturday evening were rewarded by hearing some plain truths in regard to the duties of Assessors, and their too often flagrant violation of them. The question under debate was "Resolved, That our Assessors are guilty of moral, if not legal, perjury." Mr W. A. Williams presented the affirmative side of the question, and his arguments were clear, convincing and unanswerable. Without making his remarks at all personal, he proved from the wording of the oath required to be taken and the subsequent official action of our Assessors, that they are all, either from habit or the following of a bad precedent, in making out their assessment rolls, guilty of moral, if not legal perjury. This is a serious charge, but we do not see how it can be very successfully disproven. We should be deemed crazy if we should say that the value of the real estate of Smethport borough was worth, in cash, only $20,000, and yet that is its assessed value. We hope the question will continue to be agitated until the absurdity of the present rule of assessment is plain to all, and we would suggest that it be made the subject of further debate in the Lyceum.

PORT ALLEGANY ITEMS.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

Our public schools will open about Dec. 1st.

B. C. Gallup furnishes good livery at cheap prices.

We have butchers who understand their business.

There is some little talk about taking steps toward the incorporation of the village.

Stan. Townsend, of Michigan has been here visiting his brother Joe.

It is rumored that the railway company will change their time schedule on the 15th inst.

Steps have been taken to organize a Literary Association, there is doubtless enough ability to have a good one if we only cooperate heartily.

Arnold, McDowell and company commenced pasting their store immediately after election. Was there something about the returns that inclined them to make things look attractive regardless of expense. Never mind boys, Republican store houses may be painted a year from date.

Rev. Bowen, of the United Brethren, preaches every sabbath evening. His services seem very acceptable to the people. Rev. Johnson, of the Methodists, comes on alternate Sabbaths.

The Bible class last Sunday was composed of fifteen adults; will not admit that there is a more successful Sabbath school in the county except at Kane; the christian workers of that place no doubt deserve the credit of the most active, united work.

McKean county has three representatives at the Buffalo Medical College, Messrs Chadwick and Fisher, of Smethport, and E. G. Brown, of this place. We accompanied our friend W. R. Francis, of Tioga county, to the same place last week. We met the boys who seem to be looking well and improving their opportunities.

Notice to Subscribers.

As heretofore announced, subscribers who pay in advance can obtain the Miner for $1,50, but it never be in ADVANCE. In accordance with the new postal law postage on all papers mailed to subscribers out of the county must be prepaid by the publisher, therefore such subscribers will be required to forward $1,75, if paid in advance, to cover the postage.

Disastrous Fire at Wilcox.

On Sunday night last about 11 o'clock a fire broke out in the carrying shop of the Wilcox tannery, which proved disastrous in the extreme. The alarm was at once given, and the steamer and hose, which are kept for that purpose, were immediately brought into requisition; but, just as they thought they had the flames at their mercy, the hose burst, and all was confusion. The delay in remedying this and defect was fatal, indeed. The hose once more in condition, water was again turned upon the fiery mass only to burst again. Finding that the hose would not stand the pressure of the steamer, a hand engine was put in its place, which worked very well but by this time the building, with its valuable contents, was almost entirely consumed. The building was about 140x40 feet, two stories high. On the first floor there was stored $30,000 worth of newly tanned buffalo hides, a quantity of calcum and other articles, while the second floor was used as a carrying shop, where the hides were finished up ready for market. But few of the hides were saved, consequently the loss upon them alone will reach nearly $30,000, upon which there is an insurance of $20,000. The loss of the building is estimated as $5,000, upon which there is an insurance of $1,000. It will thus be seen that the net loss will reach nearly $15,000. The origin of the fire is not definately known, but it is thought was caused by the throwing of a stub of a cigar or the contents of a pipe among the calcum by some of the workmen, who, it has transpired since the fire, were permitted by the watchman to enter the building on Sundays to drink, smoke and play cards. A number of them were there on the afternoon preceding the fire, and it is thought the origin of this great disaster may be attributed to their presence there.—Elk Democrat.

New Tailor Shop.

A gentleman by the name of Mr James McNally, determined to meet a want long felt in this community, has opened a Tailor shop over the Postoffice, in this place. He has worked at the business for years, and assures us that he is confident that he can give perfect satisfaction. Patronize him if you would dress well and keep a good tailor in town.

Teachers' Examinations.

At Ceres,	October 29.
" Port Allegany,	October 30.
" Smethport,	" 31.
" Bradford,	November 13.
" Eldred,	" 20.

Additional examinations—

At Smethport Nov. 7 & 14.

All examinations will open at an early hour. W. H. CURTIS, Co. Supt.

The regular Inspection at Smethport will be held in Prof. Train's school building, second floor.

LIME.

Parties wanting Lime will find it to their advantage to purchase of us.

COAL

Can also be procured in quantities to suit, and at reduced rates. Communication by mail promptly attended to

DALRYMPLE & HUMPHREY,

Port Allegany, Pa.

The "Domestic."

If you want a good Sewing Machine, call upon Mrs. L. F Medbury, on Main street, in this borough. She is agent for the "Domestic," one of the best machines in the market.

DIED.

ACHE.—In Keating, Nov. 2d 1874, of Scarlet Fever, Cameron, only son of Wm. and Jeanette Ache, aged 3 yrs. 8 months and 7 days.

There is anguish in the household,
In the mother's and home,
For from a cradle by the fireside,
From the pure and dear Lamb,
He has gone to where the lilies grow,
That rail the summer sea,
For the angels have gone down
And taken the child to be.
His little form is missing,
He sleeps in a shroud
Made by the ready maidens,
Upon his mother's breast.
Oh weep not with red eyes,
A heart grief have ye given,
And remember a girl was waiting
In the chilling air of heaven.

E. J. G.

PARK.—At Bradford on 4th inst. Mrs. B. D. Park, Township assessor, Mrs. Lodema Park, aged 50 years, 3 months and 26 days.

Strayed.

Came to my premises Saturday October 31st, all-mark

Red and White Steer.

all underbeam. The owner can have the same by proving property, and paying charges.

J. P. EVANS

Kerwick, Pa. Nov. 12, 1874.

E. R. SHATTUCK,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Wines and Liquors,

OLEAN, N. Y.

Particular attention given to orders by mail or telegraph. Small or large quantities carefully boxed and shipped.

SONNEY'S

UNITED STATES HOTEL.

TERRACE, NEAR MAIN ST.,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

D. Sonney & Son,

Proprietors.

P. R. BYRON, Clerk, (late Prop. Olean Olean House.)

This Hotel has been newly Furnished.

P. J. Hanour,

Importer of

FINE BRANDIES,

CHOICE WINES

FOREIGN ALES & PORTER.

138 and 140 Main and 119 Commercial Sts.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

WANTED!

The subscriber will pay fifty cents per bushel cash for

1000 Bushel of oats.

delivered at the Bennett House within 30 days.

Wm. Haskell.

Farm for Sale.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a valuable farm, situated on Yanchu Hill, in Bradford township, eight miles from the Borough of Smethport. Said farm contains 145 acres, with 25 acres cleared. Good farm buildings, an apple tree, a large chestnut orchard, and never failing springs thereon.

For terms and other particulars address

FRANK PERKINS,

11-12-3m Smethport, Pa.

Auditor's Notice.

The undersigned an Auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, to distribute the funds in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the personal property of Michael O'Connor, and attend to the duties of his appointment, at the Prothonotary's Office, in Smethport, on Monday, Dec. 7th 1874, at 2 o'clock P. M., at which time and place, all persons interested in said fund, must present their claims or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

ROBT. H. ROSE,

Auditor.

W. S. BROWNELL,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES.

&c., &c., &c.

Motto—Quick Sales, Small Profits.

Store opposite Baptist Church, Smethport, Pa. Patronage is respectfully solicited.

C. A. PAYNE

Would inform the people of Smethport and vicinity that he has opened a

Photograph Gallery

in Chadwick's Building on Church St.

PHOTOGRAPHS, AMBROTYPES, FERROTYPES

and pictures of all kinds executed in the best style.

Particular attention paid to

ENLARGING PICTURES.

Give me a trial. Satisfaction guaranteed.

R. L. PAGE.

MERCHANT TAILOR.

OLEAN, N. Y.

2nd Door south of the Olean House.

Good Fits and Durable Garments.

I HAVE RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF Cloths and Cassimeres, which I am prepared to make up for my customers in the latest and best style.

GOOD WORKMEN ONLY EMPLOYED.

Olean, N. Y., August 6, 1874.

P. BECKER & CO.

WHOLESALE

GROCERS,

AND DEALERS IN

Paints, Oils,

Glass, Putty,

Nails, Etc., Etc.

468 and 470 Main Street,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

OLEAN HOUSE.

J. E. Van Campen, Prop'r.

This House has been Thoroughly Repaired and Newly Furnished. Barber Shop, Bath Room, Restaurant and Billiard Saloon attached. Room for 100 Guests. Barn room for 200 horses.

A LECTURE To Young Men.

Just Published, in a sealed Envelope. Price 6 cents.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self Abuse. Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., Author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ *This Lecture should be read by every youth and every man in the land.*

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers,

Chas. J. C. Cline & Co.,

121 Bowery, New York: P. O. Box 4586

Notice of Assignee Sale.

The undersigned, Assignee of Ault & Carnforth, Bankrupts, will sell the personal property of Ault & Carnforth, at public sale, to the highest bidder, at the saw mill of Ault & Carnforth, in the township of Keating, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, on Friday the 27th day of November, A. D. 1874, at ten o'clock, A. M., as follows to wit: A quantity of Hemlock and ash lumber, hickory logs, hemlock logs on and along Potato creek, marked A. & C. Also Forest in logs on skids, on land owned by W. Wilmer, in the township of Norwich, County and State aforesaid, one Clarke wheat, two-horse lumber wagon, one two-horse, two-horse chain, sleds, two-horse plough, one-horse do, three-horse do, harrows, log-chains, plough-points, axles, grass-cutters, and other articles too numerous to mention.

I will also sell the personal property of C. Corsaw & Co., one of said Bankrupts, at his residence in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean, Pa., on the same day, at two o'clock, P. M., consisting of their parlor organ, a quantity of books, stove, wheat harrow, gun, cross-cut, garden rake, and various other articles. Terms of sale cash.

W. E. HAVEN, Assignee of Ault & Carnforth.

Smethport, Oct. 5, 1874.

Weather Strip Agents Wanted.

—A Profitable Business—

Reasonable profits preferred. Will sell only to one agent in a town. We will fill orders from private citizens in Philadelphia promptly, bought paid, until we have procured a good agent in each town.

CHAS. BURNHAM & Co.,

117 & 119 South Tenth St., Philadelphia.

Morse's Favorite

$5

WASHER.

THE undersigned having secured the exclusive right of sale of Morse's Favorite Washer in the counties of

CAMERON,	CRAWFORD,
CLINTON,	ELK,
FOREST,	ERIE,
M'KEAN,	POTTER, and
	WARREN,

Are prepared to dispose of either County, township or individual rights.

REFERENCES:

The undersigned ladies of Smethport and vicinity, having used Morse's Favorite Washer in their families, have permitted us to refer to them for proof of its many excellencies as a family servant:

Mrs. A N. Taylor,	Mrs. S. P. Beckwith,
" C K Sartwell,	" John Stoddard,
" H N Powell,	" James Howard,
" John Grigsby,	" Emma Gifford,
" John B Taylor,	" Wm. Sherwood,
" D L Knapp,	" Horace Vanalstine,
" Wm. Haskell,	" E F Barbour.

KNAPP & TAYLOR.

D. L. KNAPP. JOHN TAYLOR.

Smethport, Pa., July 1, 1874.

SMETHPORT MARBLE WORKS.

The undersigned keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES,

TABLE-TOPS, MANTEL-PIECES

Come and see me!

Factory & Warerooms on Water St.

Smethport, Pa.

John Digel, Prop'r.

Market, Grocery & Provision STORE.

J. P. Wendell, Prop'r.

To meet the wants of the people of Smethport and vicinity, and fully satisfied that there is such a want, I have established in the Basement of

Armstrong & Co.'s Drugstore

a commodious

MARKET

AND GENERAL

PROVISION STORE,

where I shall keep on hand

FRESH & SALT MEAT,

FISH,

VEGETABLES,

FRUITS,

and everything usually kept in a first class Market.

GIVE ME A TRIAL.

J. P. WENDELL.

DRAYING.

This is to give notice that I am prepared to do all kinds of draying between Smethport and Larrabee's on the most reasonable terms. All orders attended to promptly and faithfully.

ABNER R. TUBBS.

Sept. 10, 1874.

JOSHUA DAVIS. O. M. JAMES

DAVIS & JAMES.

Dealers in

Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour and Feed

Clothing, Notions,

Hardware and General Merchandise.

KANE, PA.

W. T. Collar,

DEALER IN

Drugs, Paints,

Oils, Fancy Goods,

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

KANE, PA.

EUREKA!

McCOY & REILLY,

("SIDE HILL DRUGGISTS.")

DEALERS IN

Pure Drugs & Medicines,

Fresh Garden Seeds, Peppermint, Etc.

TO OUR FRIEND AND THE PUBLIC.

We wish to call especial attention to our large and complete stock of School Books, Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Albums, &c., which we bought for cash of the receiver appointed for Baker, Lent & Co., Buffalo, directly after their failure, at TEN PER CENT. below the publisher's and manufacturer's prices to jobbers, we therefore defy competition, and are prepared to wholesale School Books to dealers in other parts of the county at bottom figures. Our stock of

CONFECTIONERY

is always complete, as we receive it in small quantities every few days thereby insuring its freshness. We also keep the very choicest brands of CIGARS and TOBACCO the market affords. Our FANCY GOODS, SUNDRIES, PERFUMERIES, &c., being selected with the greatest care from the best Importing Houses, we are enabled to offer as complete a line as can be found in this part of the country, at the lowest prices. We also keep strictly pure

WINES & LIQUORS

for medical use only. Prescriptions, recipes, &c., carefully prepared.

With many thanks for the liberal patronage we have so far enjoyed, we would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

McCOY & REILLY.

Smethport, Nov. 6, 1873.

THEY WILL NOT BE OUTDONE IN PRICES OR QUALITY OF GOODS and everything that can be found in a first-class Hardware Store

GO TO EATON & SPRAGUE'S

FOR YOUR

STOVES, HARDWARE, COOKING UTENSILS, SHELF FURNITURE, CUTLERY, TINWARE,

Alfred Sturdevant.

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that he is now prepared to attend to his customers at his

NEW QUARTERS,

OVER THE POST-OFFICE.

He is prepared to do

Shaving & Hair Dressing

in the highest style and at the lowest price. A select assortment of

Cigars, Collars, Cuffs,

and other fancy and useful articles constantly on hand. Call and be satisfied for yourselves.

WHY YOU WANT IT!

FOR ITS GOOD STORIES!
FOR ITS FASHION ARTICLES!
FOR ITS MISCELLANY!
FOR ITS HOUSEHOLD NEWS!

Third Year of

"OUR OWN FIRESIDE,"

A HOME JOURNAL FOR THE FIRESIDE.

16 large pages, with illustrations. Every subscriber has chosen of one of three fine chromos—a far better class than those offered by other publishers. Price, $1.50 a Year.

Send three cent stamp for sample copy. Address

Our Own Fireside Pub. Co.,

Room 4, Sun Building, N. Y.

Canvassers wanted.

Any Article

Purchased for You.

Ladies', Gentlemen's, or Children's Garments, any Household Goods, Musical Instruments, or Fancy Article.

Anything You Want,

AND WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

Send three cent stamp for circular. Address

PURCHASING AGENCY OF "Our Own Fireside,"

Room 4, Sun Building, N. Y.

STEAM ENGINES & BOILERS

2, 4 & 6 Horse Power.

GET the BEST & CHEAPEST.

Address, M. L. SUMP & CO.,

Room 4, Sun Building, N. Y.

Amateur Job Press.

THE BEST IN THE CHEAPEST.

For Printers, Druggists, Business Men and Boys

Send five cents for pamphlet. Address

M. L. SUMP & CO.,

Room 4, Sun Building, N. Y.

Hotel for Sale.

THE MCKINNEY HOUSE,

IN SMETHPORT, PA., is offered for sale. This House is located on the Commercial Corner of McKean and Main streets, in the best business part of the town. It will be sold at a very reasonable price and on easy terms. Any one wishing to purchase a first-class property will do well to call on the undersigned. For any further information, and upon or address the proprietor.

MRS. MARSHALL.

Smethport, April 9, 1874.

Business Directory.

Byron D. Hamlin & Son.

LAW AND LAND OFFICE. Agency of the LeKeating lands situated in the Counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

Smethport, Pa.

S. D. Freeman.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

SMETHPORT McKean county, Pa., will attend promptly to all calls in his profession.

H. L. McCoy,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Smethport, McKean county, Pa., will attend to all calls in his profession.

R. H. Rose.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Smethport, Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care. Office in the Court House.

D. V. Crossmire.

Resident Surgeon P. & E. R. R. Co.

15 Pearl St., East, Pa.

Prompt attendance given to all professional calls.

P. R. Cotter,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

All business entrusted to his care will receive immediate attention. Particular attention given to collections.

Backus & Milliken.

ATTORNEYS & Counsellors at Law, Smethport, Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care. Office up-stairs in Sartwell block, on Main street.

W. J. MILLIKEN. JOHN C. BACKUS.

P. Ford.

ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law and Collector of Internal Revenue for McKean, Elk and Cameron counties, will give his attention to all matters pertaining to his profession in the above counties. Office, Ford Building, Church street, Smethport, Pa.

Bingham Estate.

Robt H. Rose is authorized to receive moneys for me; also applications to buy lands. He will give information generally, in my behalf, of this Estate, in McKean County. His office is in the Prothonotary's office in the Court House.

Wellsboro, Dec. 25, 1873. Robt. C. Simpson Agent of the Trustees.

New Cabinet Shop.

THE undersigned takes this opportunity of informing the public that, having removed to his Cabinet Shop two doors above the old stand opposite the dwelling house of Mrs. Widow—he is prepared to sell chairs of every description and Furniture of most every kind, and keeps constantly on hand a large supply of all articles of furniture, pictures frames, &c., &c. WM. SPECHT.

Smethport, Feb. 6, 1869.

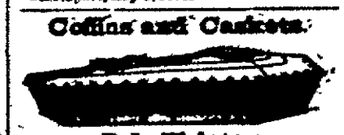
New Paint Shop.

THE subscriber has opened a shop on Mechanic street—near John R. Tyler's old blacksmith shop—and is now prepared to do all kinds of painting in the best possible style. Carriage painting, striping, house and sign painting and all other work in this line done in the best manner. The best of material used, and satisfaction guaranteed.

CARL SASSE.

Smethport, May 2, 1872.

Coffins and Caskets.



P. L. Webster

WOULD INFORM the citizens of Bradford and vicinity that he keeps ready made coffins, soft and hard wood caskets, etc., constantly on hand.

M. L. Armstrong's

JEWELRY STORE,

No. 2, Union Block.

Where a large assortment of Watches and Jewelry are kept constantly on hand. Also a varied assortment of Jewelry of the latest styles and best finish, which he is offering at Cash prices. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Satisfaction guaranteed.

A Representative and Champion of American Art Taste!

Prospectus for 1875—Eighth Year.

THE ALDINE,

The Art Journal of America,

ISSUED MONTHLY.

"A Magnificent Conception, Worthfully Carried Out."

The necessity of a popular medium for the representation of the productions of our great artists, has always been recognized, and many attempts have been made to meet the want. The enormous features which so inevitably follow cost in attempts in this country to establish an art journal, did not prove the indifference of the people of America to the claims of high art. So soon as a proper appreciation of the want and an ability to meet it were shown, the public at once rallied with enthusiasm to its support, and the result was a great artistic and commercial triumph—THE ALDINE.

THE ALDINE, while issued with all the regularity, has none of the commonplace or timely interest characteristic of ordinary periodicals. It is an elegant miscellany of pure, light and graceful literature, and a collection of pictures, the rarest specimens of artistic skill, in black and white. Although each succeeding number affords a fresh pleasure to its friends, the real value and beauty of THE ALDINE will be most appreciated after it is bound up at the close of the year. While other publications may claim superior cheapness, as compared with rivals of similar class, THE ALDINE is a unique and original conception—alone and unapproached—absolutely without competition in price or character.

Each volume cannot duplicate the quantity of fine paper and engravings in any other shape or number of volumes for ten times its cost; and there, those are the chromo, besides.

The national feature of THE ALDINE must be taken in no narrow sense. True art is cosmopolitan. While THE ALDINE is a strictly American institution, it does not confine itself entirely to the reproduction of native art. Its mission is to cultivate a broad and appreciative art taste, one that will discriminate only on grounds of intrinsic merit. Thus, while placing before the patrons of THE ALDINE, as a leading characteristic, the productions of the most noted American artists, attention will always be given to specimens from foreign masters, giving subscribers all the pleasure and instruction obtainable from home or foreign sources.

The artistic illustration of American scenery, original with THE ALDINE, as an important feature, and the magnificent places are of a class more appropriate to the satisfactory treatment of details than can be afforded by any inferior page. The judicious interspersion of landscape, marine, figure and animal subjects secures the greatest interest, impossible where the scope of the work confines the artist too closely to a single style of subject. The Literature of THE ALDINE is a light and graceful accompaniment, worthy of the artistic features, with only such technical descriptions as do not interfere with the popular interest of the work.

PREMIUM FOR 1875.

Every subscriber for 1875 will receive a beautiful portrait, in oil colors, of the same noble dog with rose portrait as a former issue attracted so much attention.

"MAN'S UNSELFISH FRIEND"

Will be welcome in every home. Everybody loves such a dog, and the portrait is executed so true to the life that it seems the veritable presence of the animal itself. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage tells that the own Newfoundland dog (who is vast in Brooklyn) barks at it! Although so natural, no one who sees this premium chromo will have the slightest fear of being bitten. Besides the chromo, every advance subscriber to THE ALDINE for 1875 is constituted a member, and entitled to all the privileges of

THE ALDINE ART UNION.

The Union owns the originals of all THE ALDINE pictures, which, with other paintings and engravings, are to be distributed among the members. To every series of 5,000 subscribers, 100 different pieces, valued at $2,500, are distributed as soon as the series is full, and the awards of each series are made, are to be published in the next succeeding issue of THE ALDINE. This feature only applies to subscribers who pay for one year in advance. Full particulars in circular sent on application enclosing a stamp.

TERMS—One subscription, entitling to THE ALDINE one year, the Chromo and the Art Union, $5.00 per annum, in advance. (No charge for postage.) Specimen Copies of THE ALDINE, 50 cents.

THE ALDINE will, hereafter be obtainable only by subscription. There will be no reduced or club rates. Cash for subscriptions must be sent to the publishers direct, or handed to the local canvasser, without responsibility to the publishers, except in cases where the certificate is given bearing the *fac simile* signature of JAMES SUTTON, President.

CANVASSERS WANTED.

Any person willing to act permanently as a local canvasser will receive full and prompt information by applying to

THE ALDINE COMPANY,

53 Maiden Lane, New York.

Benjamin Franklin's Bequest.

Benjamin Franklin died in 1790, and in his will he bequeathed to the cities of Boston and Philadelphia each one thousand pounds sterling, to be invested in temporary loans to young married artificers. For convenience sake we will express the transaction in dollars, at the round rate of five dollars to the pound. At the end of one hundred years, according to Franklin's calculation, each of these legacies would amount to $655,000, and as the sum in 1890 would thus have become inconveniently large, Franklin directed that at that time each city should spend half a million of the amount in "fortifications, bridges, aqueducts, public buildings, baths, pavements, or whatever may make living in the town more convenient to the people and render it more agreeable to strangers resorting thither for health or a temporary residence." Moreover, Philadelphia, which by that time would probably not be able to depend upon street pumps for its water supply, in consequence of the pavements preventing the rain from sinking into the springs, was to bring a water supply by pipes from the Wissahickon creek!

Half a million being thus judiciously expended in 1890, the remaining $155,000 is to be continued to be let out at interest, and in 1990 it is to reach the hand some sum of $20,500,000, when the odd $5,300,000 are to be placed absolutely at the disposition of the city of Philadelphia, and the remaining $15,000,000 goes to the State of Pennsylvania, Boston disposing of its like sum in the same way.

Franklin's noble bequest was accepted by the city of Philadelphia, and we believe the trust has always been honestly administered. We are now within fourteen years of the first century of its operation, when, according to the sagacity which, according to Parton, "knew precisely what money can do and what it cannot do," the fund should reach $655,000, and we should be able to supplant the town pump with the water of the Wissahickon. At the time of Mayor Stokley's last message the amount had not quite reached the precise amount anticipated; in fact it was more than $600,000 short of that amount, being exactly $46,135!

A keen-witted servant girl told the milkman the other day that he gave his cows too much salt. "How do you know that?" said the lactealist. "Sure I kin tell be the milk that they drink to much water entirely!" said the girl. The milkman drove off in a hurry.

Mobile is almost entirely supplied with coal from the mines in the northern and central parts of Alabama.

Topsy Tumble.

She wasn't a bad sort of a girl for one who had been brought up in an alley all her days, living with old Mother Hart ever since she was large enough to gather chips around the ship yard. The boys called her Topsy Tumble, and nobody knew anything about her parents or relatives. Her hair was long and matted; her face tanned to a brown; her nose always bore a stain of dirt, and she had stone bruises on her feet, and chapped hands, and sore heels, just like the ragged boys with whom she played. The "society" of the alley rather cut Topsy Tumble, but she was independent, and she made faces at "society" from the top of coal sheds, and allowed herself to be harnessed up beside Bob White when the boys wanted a blooded team to draw a creaking cart down around the railroad crossing.

The alley was unusually quiet the other week. Topsy Tumble was sick. Mother Hart said so when Bob White went to see if Topsy wanted to trade her old jackknife for a small dog, which he had picked up on Atwater street. It was a strange thing, her illness. For eleven years she had rolled in the dirt, waded through the snow and plashed around in the mud, and nobody had ever heard her complain of anything more than a stubbed toe. Bob couldn't make it out. He and Bill Davis and Sam Sharp and Chip Larking sat in the shade of a truck wagon going to decay and talked it over. It would be rough on Mother Hart to have sickness and bear a doctor's bill, and they wondered if Topsy would get well in time to go with them the next week.

The doctor said it was a bad fever, and most of the folks in John Brown alley called in to say that they would sit up nights and do anything they could. Topsy was out of her head, talking strange things, and, after looking at her flushed face and listening to her mutterings, Bob White called the boys together on top of a coal shed, and there was a lump in his throat as he whispered:

"Boys, Topsy's a-goin' to die!"

The boys looked around over the sheds and made no reply, and by-and-bye they slid down one by one and went home. There was no more dog fighting in the alley—no pounding of fire alarms on the old steamboat boiler and then rushing the "mashees" up to the corner. Columbus Jones brought his rooster down and wanted to bet a kite that it could clean out any chicken in John Brown alley, but the boys had no enthusiasm.

Topsy grew worse. The doctor called twice a day, but his medicines didn't touch the case, and he told Mother Hart that Topsy must die. The old woman felt a little weak and her eyes grew misty. It had been a score of years since she had wept for grief, and could not remember when she had thought of death.

The neighbors came in, and they tiptoed across the room and kept their babies still that the dying girl might hear no harsh sound. Bob White and his chums hung around the door awhile, and finally gathered courage to pull off their hats and enter the house. Mother Hart motioned for them to take seats on the bench at the foot of the bed, and she whispered in a weak voice:

"Bob, I'm afraid we're going to lose Topsy!"

Bob wiped his eyes and his chin quivered, and some of the boys broke clear down and wept.

Topsy was unconscious. The boys wondered at the pallor of her face and the whiteness of her hands, and they saw that her matted hair had been cut short. The women shed tears. Mother Hart kept wiping her eyes on her apron, and the boys wondered if sitting there wasn't something like going to meeting.

"She was a good girl, Topsy was," whispered one of the women.

"And so willing to help her mother," said another.

"And she stood up for John Brown alley!" added Bob White, a sob in his throat.

Darkness settled down and they almost lost sight of the white face. No one moved. Some of the babies fell asleep, and the mothers trotted them softly, and the boys almost dozed as they sat crooked up on the bench. The shadows of night grew deeper, and the rattle of a truck going home sounded painfully loud and harsh. Mother Hart moved softly over and lighted the little old lamp, and as she held it up the woman said: "Poor dear!" and Bob White leaned over on Chip Larking' shoulder and sobbed aloud.

Topsy Tumble was dead!

The little soul, never washed by mother's tears—never made better by a word about Heaven—never drinking in the knowledge that only the body dies—had crossed the dark valley alone, having only the tears and heartaches of the dwellers in John Brown alley to plead its case with the angels.—*Detroit Press.*

The Good Old Ways.

At the West as well as at the East, it seems to me that the happiness and prosperity of farmers would be increased by the return, if such a return were possible, to the "good old ways." I do not mean, nor do I believe that it is desirable, to produce everything consumed so far as possible upon the farm itself, for cloth can be woven in mills cheaper than in private houses, and there are better advantages for selling home produce than existed before the era of railroads. At the same time money is too important a factor in the life of modern farmers—we have all of us become more or less corrupted by the high prices and flush money of the war times, and of the plentiful paper dollars prevailing since then, so that we have made our comfort depend too much on the ability to spend money. A farmer's income, to be sure, substantial, and satisfactory, must be very largely in other things than money. An improved home, richer land, more convenient buildings, and more carefully bred and reared stock—these are within his reach without the outlay of much ready money. Home labor and the capabilities of the farm will supply them if properly directed, and if patiently waited for without the hiring or buying of outside helps. The tendency to measure prosperity by the amount of money that a farmer has in outside investments, or that he is able to spend for his pleasure, is giving a wrong tendency to the whole system. Farmers cannot hope to compete in this respect with merchants and manufacturers, whose business is much more speculative and full of risks, and who too often give a fictitious evidence of wealth, by spending the money which they hope to earn, and which is not seldom lost by farmers and other producers who have trusted them.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

(Compiled from Recent Issues of Home and Foreign Journals.)

The banking house of Henry Clews & Co., New York, was levied upon by the Sheriff.....The United States Supreme Court will soon render a decision as to the eligibility of women for the office of Justice of the Peace.....The great flood on the River Segre, Spain, was attended with loss of life and damage. More than two hundred persons were drowned, and the damage to property is immense, nearly 100 houses having been swept away. At Guimera ninety-six houses were washed away and thirty-three persons lost their lives. Among those who were drowned are the Mayor and all his family.....Cyrus Larkin, of Peabody, Mass., caught his foot in the railroad track, and all efforts to release him were unavailing. He was held fast for half an hour, when a train of cars came thundering along. The poor fellow saved his life by throwing himself on one side, but lost his foot, the cars running over and cutting it off.....Captain Williams, of the schooner Nelson, reports the loss of two of the crew of the schooner Clara B. Chapman, of Gloucester, Mass., on the Grand Bank. This accident was caused by their dory being swamped while using their trawl.....The Turks in Montenegro continue their outrages on the Christians. They have killed eight Montenegrins and some Saxon residents in the neighborhood of Podgorica and burned a village. The Christians were compelled to flee to the mountains.....The London Indian Office has just received a dispatch confirming the report of the capture of Nana Sahib. He will be tried immediately at the place where he was captured. The London newspapers unite in demanding that exemplary vengeance be visited upon Nana Sahib.

The town of Worthington, Greene county, Indiana, was destroyed by fire, the work of an incendiary.....In Anderson, Indiana, the mother and sister of Albert Hawson were arrested, being charged of his murder. A train on the Chicago and Southeastern Railroad was boarded by robbers, who ran away with it; meanwhile the robbers, with pistols, compelled all the passengers to deliver up their valuables. The boilers of the mill and salt works belonging to W. H. Cooper & Co., at New River, Michigan, exploded. One child was killed and several men severely injured. .....Four young men were hunting deer in Tallahatchie bottom, Tennessee, and became separated. One of them observed the cane shaking ahead of him, and, thinking it was caused by a deer, fired the contents of a double barreled shot-gun, loaded with buckshot, and hearing screams, rushed to the spot and found Thomas Mosby, one of his companions, lying dead, shot through the head; David White, another comrade, shot in the head and mortally wounded, and the third one, S. W. Johnson, severely wounded. ... The London *Times* correspondent at Bombay telegraphs that it is estimated that 2,000 persons were killed in the town and district of Midnapore during the recent cyclone. ..The steamer Mary foundered on the voyage from Glasgow to Trinidad. Ten persons went down with the ship. The remainder took to the boats, one of which, with five men, is supposed to have been swamped. The other, containing two of the crew living and three dead, was picked up, and the survivors were landed at Falmouth, England.

It is believed in Europe that within a few months Russia and Germany will be engaged in a desperate conflict. Both are preparing for it. The grand jury at Salt Lake found seven indictments, one charging Elder George Reynolds, a man of prominence in the Mormon Church, with bigamy and polygamy. He was admitted to bail in the sum of $2,500. The working women of the United States will hold a convention in Washington next January. There appears to be a disposition among the Bonapartists to shortly urge in the French Assembly the removal of the remains of Napoleon III. to French soil. Michigan has gained 122,000 in population since 1870. The California pioneers of 1860 have organized a society. ...Massachusetts has dined Thursday, Nov 25, as Thanksgiving Day. The hand loom weavers of Philadelphia are on a strike. The Swedish government brings all goods and men to take care of them to the United States Centennial free of cost to the shippers. The town of China, Maine, has just celebrated its centennial. The town was originally known as "Jones' Plantation," and was settled by a family of Clarks from Nantucket, Mass., in 1774. ..At the recent meeting of the Grand Lodge of Masons, Scottish Rite of the Orient, of Palermo, Italy, Mastai Ferretti, now the Pope, was expelled from the order.

Three years' imprisonment is the penalty in Canada for refusing to support a wife. .... *Le Nord*, the organ of the Russian government, says the Montenegrin massacres cannot be overlooked; Turkey must make out speedy justice to the perpetrators and make reparation for their crimes. The great powers have advised Porte to take this course. . Angus McTavish, an old resident of Dunwich, Ont., met with a horrible death. In attempting to head off a steer, the animal attacked him furiously, carried him some distance on his horns, and dashed him to the ground. He died shortly after, suffering great pain.... John Roach has over two thousand men employed in Chester, Pa. The hoofs of three iron ships are now laid there. They are all designed for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. ..The Ottawa express on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, consisting of nine full passenger cars, was wrecked at Whitefield, Iowa. The whole train was ditched. Nineteen passengers were fatally injured and several killed outright. .. Information received from Southwestern Nebraska shows that thousands of people are in a starving condition. Many for weeks have had nothing to eat but baked squash and pumpkin and salt, and others live on baked flour and water, one meal a day, for weeks. Ten thousand people will need aid sufficient to keep them from starvation and cold during the winter. Hundreds of people are naked and on the verge of starvation, and without means to leave the State.

The Oregon Legislature has passed a stringent act against gambling, one of the clauses of which provides that a person losing money at the gaming table shall have the right to recover by law to the value of twice the amount of his loss.....David Kingman, convicted for contempt of court in attempting to bribe a juror in the Phelps case, was sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment in the county jail, at Albany, N. Y., and to pay a fine of $250. The court in passing sentence spoke of the offense as very serious, and said that the present proceeding would be no bar to indictment for attempting to bribe a juror, which is a felony.....Germany has just launched her seventh iron clad. Another is to be launched in April. Twelve armored corvettes of 3,000 tons each for harbor defence are in process of construction.....The Hon. Wm. M. Evarts and Judge Porter, of New York, have been specially engaged to defend the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.....Willis Carter, of Atlanta, Ga., while intoxicated, shot himself dead at a social circle, and in the presence of his wife .....The Hon. Timothy Farrar, an eminent Massachusetts jurist, died in Boston.....A cotton mill in Otis, County of Chester, England, was burned. Ten of the operatives were unable to escape, and perished.....The British Foreign Office is advised that Sir Hercules Robinson has established a provincial government in the Fejee Islands. The annual revenue from the islands is estimated at $175,000.

Died in His Wife's Defense.

An Illinois peddler entered the house of James Tolin, living in Mingaut Valley, N. Y., a Baltimore paper says, and proceeded to display his wares to Mrs. Tolin, despite her assertions that she did not wish to buy anything. Mr. Tolin was confined to his bed and had been so confined for many years, being so crippled with rheumatism that it had been long impossible for him to leave his bed unless carried from it. After showing his goods, and Mrs. Tolin not buying anything, the peddler commenced a conversation; in the course of which he learned the helpless condition of Mr. Tolin. Finally, he made an insulting proposal to Mrs. Tolin, and she indignantly ordered him to leave the house. Instead, he approached her and seized hold of her, saying, with an oath, that she was in his power, as her husband was as good as dead. Mrs. Tolin, being a delicate woman, ran screaming into another room. The peddler followed her, and before she could escape by the door, caught her again. A desperate struggle ensued between them, and Mrs. Tolin was thrown violently to the floor by the powerful villain. Mr. Tolin had been all the time a witness of the struggle, lying powerless in his bed. At the sound of his wife falling on the floor, however, and her frantic shrieks for aid, he seemed to be endowed with superhuman power. Under the influence of that power he sprang from the bed he had been unable to leave for years. Seizing a heavy crutch that stood near the bed he rushed into the room where the struggle was going on. Mrs. Tolin had succeeded in regaining her feet, but the peddler had grasped her around the waist, and was endeavoring again to throw her. As Mr. Tolin entered the room the singular spectacle of a bedridden cripple hastening to the defence of his wife seemed to paralyze the scoundrel, and he stood staring as if in a trance at the approach of the husband. Mr. Tolin, nerved by unnatural strength, brought the crutch down over the head of the peddler and felled him like an ox to the floor. The next instant the excitement and superhuman effort that had supported the husband left him. With a shriek that told of the intense agony of the relapse he clasped his hand to his forehead and dropped to the floor and almost instantly expired. Mrs. Tolin succeeded in getting the body of her husband back in the bed, and then started for assistance. She was obliged to go over a mile before she was able to obtain any. When she returned with several neighbors the peddler was gone. He had recovered consciousness and fled, leaving his pack in the house. When the news of the attempted outrage and the tragic death of Mr. Tolin spread throughout the neighborhood the most intense excitement prevailed.

Capital Punishment.

About 1807 a poor woman with two children, one at the breast, stole from inside a shop door in London a piece of linen worth seven or eight shillings. She, however, had not proceeded far when she repented of her crime, and was returning to the shop with it when she was arrested. She was tried at the Old Bailey, convicted, and condemned to death. The jury and the prosecutor unanimously recommended the woman to mercy, on account of her husband being pressed as a sailor, her starving condition at the time, and her previous unblemished character. But all in vain. The judge refused to indorse the application, and the woman was executed at Tyburn, the child being taken from her breast at the foot of the gallows. In the minds of a large majority of the public this execution created great indignation, and a bill was brought into Parliament to abolish the death penalty for stealing in a shop to the value of five shillings. This bill was at first thrown out in the House of Peers, the judges being against it. The bill subsequently passed into law. On the introduction into the House of Lords of a bill for the abolition of the punishment of death for stealing in a dwelling-house to the value of forty shillings, the majority of the judges were against it. Lord Ellenborough was particularly energetic in his opposition, arguing, as the law stood it worked well, and why then should it be altered? One of the peers was so struck with the validity of the learned lord's arguments that he said, "We shall not be able to place our heads with safety on our pillows if that bill passes into law!" In the thirty years from 1789 to 1829, for offenses against the Bank Act alone, 629 men were capitally convicted and 1,161 were transported; yet, "till public opinion became too strong to be disregarded, the judges offered little opposition to such atrocious cruelty.

Cold Application to the Neck.

Dr. B. B. Richardson recommends a neck-bag of rubber, with a constant stream of cold water through it, as an efficient means of applying cold locally to the neck. He says: I have used this method of applying cold to the cervical region now several times, in pyrexia, with increasing confidence in its usefulness. In a case of apoplectic seizure, with convulsions, in a lady of middle age to whom I was summoned, I found temperature of 103 degrees Fahrenheit, with deep unconsciousness, rapid pulsation of the carotids, and intense fullness and tension of the jugular vein. In this extreme instance I had the cervical region enveloped in a bladder of crushed ice, with a result of a fall of temperature to the natural standard in six hours.

Experts of Musical Instruments.

Official records of Custom House returns at Washington show that the total value of musical instruments exported from the United States during the year ending June 30, 1874, was $350,327. Of this, $258,170 were for pianos and $238,157 for parlor or reed organs. Of this latter amount $163,169, or more than *one-half of the whole*, were of the cabinet organs made by the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., which bid fair to become as famous in Europe as they have long been in America. This company certainly have reason to be proud of the fact that the European demand for their organs is larger than that for all others combined.—*Boston Traveller.*

Out in the Cold.

The Dubuque *Times* relates that the other night a prominent citizen being aroused by the fire bells rushed to the door in his night clothes to see where the fire was. The door was provided with a night-lock, and when he closed it, it fastened itself, and there he was out in the night, with no way to get back. His wife was out of town, the servants were off to a dance, the son was down to the fire. Several desperate jerks of the bell and frantic pounding on the door—the more frantic by the thought that his property on Main street might be burning or endangered—failed to bring a response. Notwithstanding his cool attire, sweat dropped from every pore. Just as he had reached that nearly crazed condition which would render him unaccountable for any act, one of the servants came rushing home. The woman, shocked at finding her master in so slightly clad a condition, put her hands over her eyes, gave a slight shriek, and started quickly away. "Come back here, confound you. Let me in!" fairly hissed the master. But the woman, now frightened, ran, and then there was a foot race, and a lively flutter the ghostly garment kept up, as a cadence to the swift-flying feet of the man. Just as the man had been brought to a sudden stop by a painful bruise of his foot, and was nursing it with curses loud and deep, his son put in an appearance with a key.

EVERY READER of this paper can receive, *free*, a copy of the best *Agriculturist* and *Family* newspaper in this country by addressing *Moore's Rural New-Yorker*, 78 Duane st., New York. —*Com.*

Can It be True?

Within the last few months a considerable number of persons have called upon Dr. Walker, the proprietor of the popular medicine known as Vinegar Bitters, and assured him that, in their belief, his preparation is an infallible antidote for rum and tobacco. The minute details which have been furnished him forbid him to doubt the accuracy of the statements. This new claim of a great remedy to the confidence of the public will give a vast and well-deserved impulse to its popularity. Heretofore the bitters have been recognized as a pure vegetable tonic and corrective, devoid of alcohol, and thoroughly adapted to the cure of stomach and bowel complaints, nervous disorders, bilious affections, muscular diseases, and, indeed, a majority of the ailments within the reach of medicine; but if it will also cure the craving for liquor and tobacco, philosophers, statesmen and theologians ought to unite their voices in its praise. Can the good news be true? It is easy to test the question.—*Com.*

Sent free, on receipt of neck and breast measure, height, weight and price, our (sample) "Model 62 Shirt." Fitted by patented model. Stylish and substantial. Address Model Shirt Co., 31 South 8th St., Philadelphia.—*Com.*

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DR. DAN'L WEAVER of Boston, fell down a mining shaft near Denver, 76 feet. He was terribly bruised, limbs broken, and supposed to be dead. Mexican Mustang Liniment was freely used, consciousness restored, his life saved, and he came home in eight weeks. This is the most wonderful article for Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Swellings, Spavin, Ringbone, Sores, or any flesh, bone or muscle ailment upon man or beast, ever discovered. It is humanity to animals. It has saved much suffering and many useless doctors' bills. It can be had for 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle, in any drug store. But beware of counterfeits. The genuine is wrapped in a fine steel-plate label, signed "G. W. Westbrook, Chemist."

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How to Look Young—Sixteen.—Don't paint or use vile Hair Restorers, but simply apply Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon your face, neck and hands, and use Lyon's Kathairon upon your hair. The Balm makes your complexion pearly, soft and natural, and you can't tell what did it. It removes freckles, tan, sallowness, ring-mark, moth-patches, etc., and in place of a red, rustic face, you have the marble purity of an exquisite belle. It gives to middle age the bloom of perpetual youth. Add these effects to a splendid head of hair produced by the Kathairon, and a lady has done her best in way of adornment. Brothers will have no spinster sisters when these articles are around.

The Markets.

New York.

Beef Cattle—Primeto Extra Bullocks	10¼@	.12¾
Common to good Texans	.08 @	.07
Calves	45.00 @	80.00
Hogs—Live	.6¾@	.08
Dressed	.7¾@	.09
Sheep	.04 @	.05½
Cotton—Middling	.14¾@	.14¾
Flour—Extra Western	4.90 @	5.10
State Extra	4.60 @	5.10
Wheat—Red Western	1.17 @	1.18¾
No. 2 Spring	1.02½@	1.03
Rye	1.00 @	.97
Barley—Malt	1.60 @	1.80
Oats—Mixed Western	.57½@	.58
Corn—Mixed Western	.87 @	.87½
Hay, per cwt	.80 @	1.00
Straw, per cwt	.40 @	.60
Hops	.08 @	.15
Pork—Mess	19 87½@	19.50
Lard	.13½@	.13½
Petroleum—Crude	.6¾@6¾	Refined 11¾
Butter—State	.44 @	.45
Ohio Fancy	.30 @	.32
" Yellow	.24 @	.26
Western Ordinary	.20 @	.22
Pennsylvania Rim	.39 @	.42
Cheese—State Factory	.16 @	.16½
" Skimmed	.04 @	.05
Ohio	.13 @	.14
Eggs—State	.28 @	.30

ALBANY.

Wheat	1.25 @	1.27
Rye—State	.93 @	.93
Corn—Mixed	.83 @	.83
Barley—State	1.40 @	1.40
Oats—State	.19 @	.59

BUFFALO.

Flour	5.75 @	7.50
Wheat—No. 2 Spring	.98 @	.99
Corn	.78 @	.78
Oats	.34 @	.35
Rye	.94 @	.96
Barley	1.30 @	1.35
Lard	.15 @	.15½

BALTIMORE.

Cotton—Low Middlings	.14 @	.14
Flour—Extra	6.25 @	8.10
Wheat	1.20 @	1.20
Corn—Yellow	.82 @	.82
Oats	.56 @	.61

PHILADELPHIA.

Flour—Penn. Extra	5.62½@	6.00
Wheat—Western Red	1.19 @	1.19
Corn—Yellow	.86 @	.86
Mixed	.82 @	.83
Petroleum—Crude	.06¾@ .06¾	Refined 11½

1921 Saturday Evening Post, 1875

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